

THE METROPOLITAN.

AUGUST, 1839.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

A Diary in America ; with Remarks on its Institutions. By CAPTAIN MARRYAT, C.B., Author of "Peter Simple," "Jacob Faithful," "Frank Mildmay," &c. 3 vols.

This work is divided into two very different portions. The first, consisting of an irregular sort of diary, apparently kept by the captain during his journeys, is as light and amusing as his "Peter Simple" or "Jacob Faithful," and is written pretty much in the same style as those very popular novels. This part occupies the first and second volumes. The other portion is a series of essays and statistical papers on the American navy, slavery, religion in America, societies and associations, law, Lynch law, climate, education, &c. And at the end of this, and of the third volume, the author tells us that he has not yet touched the most important parts of his subject—"An examination into the American society and their government, and the conclusions to be drawn from the observations already made"—and he announces his intention of writing a Supplement, in which he will wind up his observations upon the United States and their institutions. We are sorry, for our own parts, that he has not finished the work at once, while he was about it. An hiatus is often fatal in these matters.

From certain newspaper stories that have been wafted across the Atlantic, from a statement he himself makes in his introduction, that he has been personally insulted and annoyed from one end of the Union to the other, and from certain strong political opinions expressed (at times rather out of place) in his works of fiction, we were not prepared to expect that Captain Marryat would give a very favourable account of our American brethren, and the institutions under which they live; or, indeed, that he would be half so mild upon these points as he really is in the volumes before us. He disapproves, indeed, of republican government, and seldom misses an opportunity of sneering at democracy; but still he makes the large and very satisfactory avowal, that the democratic institutions of the Americans are the best suited to their present circumstances. That there may be no mistake, we give his own words. "But upon one point," says the captain, "I have made up my mind, which is, that, with all its imperfections, democracy is the form of government best suited to the present condition of America, in so far as it is the one under which the country has made, and will continue to make, the most

rapid advances." Now, we should think that this very comprehensive admission ought to satisfy the most republican or democratic of Americans, and induce them to overlook the censure which Captain Marryat bestows upon minor points. At home, in England, none but a fanatic in politics, we presume, would desire that more should be said of the English constitution than that it is the form of government best suited to the present condition of the nation. To say more of any mortal contrivance would be to pretend very foolishly to more than mortal prescience.

The captain's embarkation for America is very droll.

I like to begin at the beginning; it's a good old fashion, not sufficiently adhered to in these modern times. I recollect a young gentleman who said he was thinking of going to America. On my asking him, "how he intended to go?" he replied, "I don't exactly know; but I think I shall take the fast coach." I wished him a safe passage, and said, "I was afraid he would find it very dusty." As I could not find the office to book myself by this young gentleman's conveyance, I walked down to St. Katharine's Docks; went on board a packet; was shown into a superb cabin, fitted up with bird's-eye maple, mahogany, and looking-glasses, and communicating with certain small cabins, where there was a sleeping-berth for each passenger, about as big as that allowed to a pointer in a dog-kennel. I thought that there was more finery than comfort; but it ended in my promising the captain to meet him at Portsmouth. He was to sail from London on the 1st of April, and I did not choose to sail on that day—it was ominous; so I embarked at Portsmouth on the 3d. It is not my intention to give a description of crossing the Atlantic; but as the reader may be disappointed if I do not tell him how I got over, I shall first inform him that we were thirty-eight in the cabin, and a hundred and sixty men, women, and children, literally stowed in bulk in the steerage. I shall describe what took place from the time I first went up the side at Spithead, until the ship was under way, and then make a very short passage of it.

At 9, 30, A.M.—Embarked on board the good ship Quebec; and a good ship she proved to be, repeatedly going nine and a half knots on a bowling, sails lifting. Captain H. quite delighted to see me—all captains of packets are to see passengers: I believed him when he said so.

At 9, 50.—Sheriff's officer, as usual, came on board. Observed several of the cabin passengers hasten down below, and one who requested the captain to stow him away. But it was not a pen-and-ink affair; it was a case of burglary. The officer has found his man in the steerage—the handcuffs are on his wrists, and they are rowing him ashore. His wife and two children are on board; her lips quiver as she collects her baggage to follow her husband. One half hour more, and he would have escaped from justice, and probably have led a better life in a far country, where his crimes were unknown. By-the-bye, Greenacre, the man who cut the woman up, was taken out of the ship as she went down the river: he had very nearly escaped. What cargoes of crime, folly, and recklessness, do we yearly ship off to America! America ought to be very much obliged to us.

The women of the steerage are persuading the wife of the burglar not to go on shore; their arguments are strong, but not strong enough against the devoted love of a woman. "Your husband is certain to be hung; what's the use of following him? Your passage is paid, and you will have no difficulty in supporting your children in America." But she rejects the advice—goes down the side, and presses her children to her breast, as, overcome with the agony of her feelings, she drops into the boat; and, now that she is away from the ship, you hear the sobs, which can no longer be controlled.

10, A.M. "All hands up anchor."

I was repeating to myself some of the stanzas of Mrs. Norton's "Here's a Health to the Outward-bound," when I cast my eyes forward. I could not imagine what the seamen were about; they appeared to be *pumping*, instead of heaving, at the windlass. I forced my way through the heterogeneous mixture of human beings, animals, and baggage, which crowded the decks, and discovered that they were working a patent windlass, by Dobbinson—a very ingenious and superior invention. The seamen, as usual, lightened their labour with the song and chorus, forbidden by the etiquette of a man-of-war. The one they sung was peculiarly musical, although not refined; and the chorus of "Oh! Sally Brown," was given with great emphasis by

the whole crew between every line of the song, sung by an athletic young third mate. I took my seat on the knight-heads—turned my face aft—looked and listened.

"Heave away there, forward."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Sally Brown—oh! my dear Sally." (Single voice.)

"Oh! Sally Brown." (Chorus.)

"Sally Brown, of Buble Al-ly." (Single voice.)

"Oh! Sal-ly Brown." (Chorus.)

"Avast heaving there; send all aft to clear the boat."

"Aye, aye, sir. Where are we to stow these casks, Mr. Fisher?"

"Stow them! Heaven knows; get them in, at all events."

"Captain H.! Captain H.! there's my piano still on deck; it will be quite spoiled—indeed it will."

"Don't be alarmed, ma'am; as soon as we're under way we'll hoist the cow up, and get the piano down."

"What! under the cow?"

"No, ma'am; but the cow's over the hatchway."

"Now, then, my lads, forward to the windlass."

"I went to town to get some toddy."

"Oh! Sally Brown."

"'Twasn't fit for any body."

"Oh! Sally Brown."

"Out there, and clear away the jib."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Mr. Fisher, how much cable is there out?"

"Plenty yet, sir.—Heave away, my lads."

"Sally is a bright mulattar."

"Oh! Sally Brown."

"Pretty girl, but can't get at her."

"Oh! ———"

"Avast heaving; send the men aft to whip the ladies in. Now, miss, only sit down, and don't be afraid, and you'll be in, in no time. Whip away, my lads, handsomely; steady her with the guy; lower away. There, miss, now you're safely landed."

"Landed am I? I thought I was shipped."

"Very good, indeed—very good, miss; you'll make an excellent sailor, I see."

"I should make a better sailor's wife, I expect, Captain H."

"Excellent! Allow me to hand you aft; you'll excuse me. Forward now, my men; heave away!"

"Seven years I courted Sally."

"Oh! Sally Brown."

"Seven more of shilley-shally."

"Oh! Sally Brown."

"She won't wed——"

"Avast heaving. Up there, and loose the topsails; stretch along the topsail-sheets. Upon my soul, half these children will be killed. Whose child are you?"

"I—don't—know."

"Go and find out, that's a dear. Let fall; sheet home; belay starboard sheet; clap on the larboard; belay all that. Now, then, Mr. Fisher."

"Aye, aye, sir. Heave away, my lads."

"She won't wed a Yankee sailor."

"Oh! Sally Brown."

"For she's in love with the nigger tailor."

"Oh! Sally Brown."

"Heave away, my men; heave, and in sight. Hurrah! my lads."

"Sally Brown—oh! my dear Sally!"

"Oh! Sally Brown!"

"Sally Brown, of Buble Alley."

"Oh! Sally Brown."

"Sally has a cross old granny."

"Oh! ———"

"Heave and fall—jib-halyards—hoist away."

"Oh! dear—oh! dear."

"The clumsy brute has half-killed the girl!—Don't cry, my dear."

"Pick up the child, Tom, and shove it out of the way."

"Where shall I put her?"

"Oh, any where just now; put her on the turkey-coop."

"Starboard?"

"I say, clap on, some of you *he* chaps, or else get out of the way."

"Sailor, mind my band-box."

"Starboard!"

"Starboard it is; steady so."

Thus, with the trifling matter of maiming half-a-dozen children, upsetting two or three women, smashing the lids of a few trunks, and crushing some hand-boxes as flat as a muffin, the good ship Quebec was at last fairly under way, and standing out for St. Helen's.

3. P.M.—Off St. Helen's; ship steady; little wind; water smooth; passengers sure they won't be sick.

3, 20.—Apologies from the captain for a cold dinner on this day.

4 o'clock.—Dinner over; everybody pulls out a number of "Pickwick;" everybody talks and reads Pickwick; weather getting up squally; passengers not quite so sure they won't be sea-sick.

Who can tell what the morrow may bring forth? It brought forth a heavy sea, and the passengers were quite sure that they were sea-sick. Only six out of thirty-eight made their appearance at the breakfast table; and, for many days afterwards, there were Pickwicks in plenty strewed all over the cabin, but passengers were very scarce.

But we had more than sea-sickness to contend with—the influenza broke out and raged. Does not this prove that it is contagious, and not dependent on the atmosphere? It was hard, after having sniffled with it for six weeks on shore, that I should have another month of it on board. But who can control destiny? The ship was like a hospital; an elderly woman was the first victim—then a boy of twelve years of age. Fortunately, there were no more deaths.

But I have said enough of the passage. On the 4th of May, in the year of our Lord 1837, I found myself walking up Broadway, among the free and enlightened citizens of New York."

New York has been so frequently described by travellers of all kinds, of late years, that the captain has little new to say about it, except perhaps the following:—

Among the few discrepancies observable between this city and London, are the undertakers' shops. In England they are all wooden windows below, and scutcheons above; planks and shavings within—in fact, mere workshops. Here they are different: they have large glass fronts, like a millinery or cut-glass shop with us, and the shop runs back thirty or forty feet, its sides being filled with coffins standing on end, mahogany and French polished. Therein you may select as you please, from the seven feet to receive the well-grown adult, to the tiny receptacle of what Burns calls, "Wee unchristened babe." I have, however, never heard of any one choosing their own coffin; they generally leave it to their relatives to perform that office.

I may here remark, that the Americans are sensible enough not to throw away so much money in funerals as we do; still it appears strange to an Englishman to see the open hearse containing the body, drawn by only one horse, while the carriages which follow are drawn by two: to be sure, the carriages generally contain six individuals, while the hearse is a sulky, and carries but one.

The New York tradesmen do all they can, as the English do, to attract the notice of the public by hand-bills, placards, advertisements, &c.; but in one point they have gone a-head of us. Placards, &c. may be read by those who look upwards or straight-forward, or to the right or to the left; but there are some people who walk with their eyes to the ground, and consequently see nothing. The New Yorkers have provided for this contingency, by having large marble tablets, like horizontal tomb-stones, let into the flag pavements of the trottoir in front of their shops, on which is engraven in duplicate, turning both ways, their names and business; so, whether you walk up or down Broadway, if you cast your eyes downwards so as not to see the placards above, you cannot help reading the inscriptions below."

The captain says that among many anecdotes related to him about the war of independence he was told the following :—

One of the officers who most distinguished himself in the struggle was a General Starke ; and the following is the speech he is reported to have made to his men previous to an engagement :—

" Now, my men, you see them ere Belgians ; every man of them bought by the King of England at 17s. 6d. a-head, and I've a notion he'd paid too dear for them. Now, my men, we either beats them this day, or Molly Starke's a widow, by G—d." He did beat them, and in his despatch to head-quarters he wrote—" We've had a dreadful hot day of it, General, and I've lost my horse, saddle and bridle and all."

In those times, losing a *saddle and bridle* was as bad as losing a horse.

At the same affair, the captain commanding the outposts was very lame, and he thought proper thus to address his men :—

" Now, my lads, you see we're only an outpost, and we are not expected to beat the whole army in face of us. The duty of an outpost, when the enemy comes on, is to go in *treeing* it, and keeping ourselves not exposed. Now, you have my orders ; and as I am a *little lame*, I'll go in first, and mind you do your duty and come in after me."

At times we are told things which rather confuse our notions about the value of property in the New World. In the Eastern States, he says,

" They set a higher value upon good connexions in these poor States than they do in others ; and if a daughter is to be married, they will ask what family the suitor is of, and if it bears a good name, they are quite indifferent as to whether he has a cent or not. It is remarkable, that if a man has three or four sons in these States, one will be a lawyer, another a medical man, another a clergyman, and one will remain at home to take the property ; and thus, out of the proceeds of a farm, perhaps not containing more than fifty acres, all these young men shall be properly educated, and in turn sent forth to the West and South, where they gain an honourable independence, and very often are sent to Congress as senators and representatives.

The festival of the anniversary of American Independence is thus described :—

The 4th of July, the sixty-first anniversary of American Independence.

Pop—pop—bang—pop—pop—bang—bang bang ! Mercy on us ! how fortunate it is that anniversaries come only once a year. Well, the Americans may have great reason to be proud of this day, and of the deeds of their forefathers, but why do they get so confoundedly drunk ? why, on this day of independence, should they become so *dependent* upon posts and rails for support ?—The day is at last over ; my head aches, but there will be many more aching heads to-morrow morning !

What a combination of vowels and consonants have been put together ! what strings of tropes, metaphors, and allegories, have been used on this day ! what varieties and gradations of eloquence ! There are at least fifty thousand cities, towns, villages, and hamlets, spread over the surface of America—in each the Declaration of Independence has been read ; in all one, and in some two or three, orations have been delivered, with as much gunpowder in them as in the squibs and crackers. But let me describe what I actually saw.

The commemoration commenced, if the day did not, on the evening of the 3d, by the municipal police going round and pasting up placards, informing the citizens of New York, that all persons letting off fireworks would be taken into custody, which notice was immediately followed up by the little boys proving their independence of the authorities, by letting off squibs, crackers, and bombs ; and cannons, made out of shin bones, which flew in the face of every passenger in the exact ratio that the little boys flew in the face of the authorities. This continued the whole night, and thus was ushered in the great and glorious day, illumined by a bright and glaring sun, (as if bespoken on purpose by the mayor and corporation,) with the thermometer at 90° in the shade. The first sight which met the eye after sunrise, was the precipitate escape, from a city visited with the plague of gunpowder, of respectable or timorous people in coaches, carriages, wagons, and every variety of vehicle. " My kingdom for a horse !" was the general cry of all those who could not stand fire. In the mean while, the whole atmosphere was filled with independence. Such was the quantity of American flags which were hoisted on board of

the vessels, hung out of windows, or carried about by little boys, that you saw more stars at noon-day than ever could be counted on the brightest night. On each side of the whole length of Broadway, were ranged booths and stands, similar to those at an English fair, and on which were displayed small plates of oysters, with a fork stuck in the board opposite to each plate; clams sweltering in the hot sun; pine apples, boiled hams, pies, puddings, barley-sugar, and many other indescribables. But what was most remarkable, Broadway being three miles long, and the booths lining each side of it, in every booth there was a roast pig, large or small, as the centre attraction. Six miles of roast pig! and that in New York city alone; and roast pig in every other city, town, hamlet, and village, in the Union. What association can there be between roast pig and independence? Let it not be supposed that there was any deficiency in the very necessary articles of potation on this auspicious day: no! the booths were loaded with porter, ale, cyder, mead, brandy, wine, ginger-beer, pop, soda-water, whiskey, rum, punch, gin slings, cocktails, mint julips, besides many other compounds, to name which nothing but the luxuriance of American-English could invent a word. Certainly the preparations in the refreshment way were most imposing, and gave you some idea of what had to be gone through on this auspicious day. Martial music sounded from a dozen quarters at once; and as you turned your head, you tacked to the first bars of a march from one band, the concluding bars of Yankee Doodle from another. At last the troops of militia and volunteers, who had been gathering in the park and other squares, made their appearance, well dressed and well equipped, and, in honour of the day, marching as independently as they well could. I did not see them go through many manœuvres, but there was one which they appeared to excel in, and that was grounding arms and eating pies. I found that the current went towards Castle Garden, and away I went with it. There the troops were all collected on the green, shaded by the trees, and the effect was very beautiful. The artillery and infantry were drawn up in a line pointing to the water. The officers in their regimental dresses and long white feathers, generals and aides-de-camp, colonels, commandants, majors, all galloped up and down in front of the line,—white horses and long tails appearing the most fashionable and correct. The crowds assembled were, as American crowds usually are, quiet and well behaved. I recognised many of my literary friends turned into generals, and flourishing their swords instead of their pens. The scene was very animating; the shipping at the wharfs were loaded with star-spangled banners; steamers, paddling in every direction, were covered with flags: the whole beautiful Sound was alive with boats and sailing vessels, all flaunting with pennants and streamers. It was, as Ducrow would call it, "A Grand Military and Aquatic Spectacle."

Then the troops marched up into town again, and so did I follow them as I used to do the reviews in England, when a boy. All creation appeared to be independent on this day; some of the horses particularly so, for they would not keep "in no line not no how." Some preferred going sideways like crabs, others went backwards, some would not go at all, others went a great deal too fast, and not a few parted company with their riders, whom they kicked off just to show their independence; but let them go which way they would, they could not avoid the squibs and crackers. And the women were in the same predicament: they might dance right, or dance left, it was only out of the frying-pan into the fire, for it was pop, pop; bang, bang; fiz, pop, bang,—so that you literally trod upon gunpowder.

When the troops marched up Broadway, louder even than the music were to be heard the screams of delight from the children at the crowded windows on each side. "Ma! ma! there's pa!" "Oh! there's John." "Look at uncle on his big horse."

The troops did not march in very good order, because, independently of their not knowing how, there was a great deal of independence to contend with. At one time an omnibus and four would drive in and cut off the general and his staff from his division; at another, a cart would roll in and insist upon following close upon the band of music; so that it was a mixed procession—Generals, omnibus and four, music, cart-loads of bricks, troops, omnibus and pair, artillery, hackney-coach, &c. &c. Notwithstanding all this, they at last arrived at the City Hall, when those who were old enough heard the Declaration of Independence read for the sixty-first time; and then it was—"Begone, brave army, and don't kick up a row."

I was invited to dine with the mayor and corporation at the City Hall. We sat down in the Hall of Justice, and certainly great justice was done to the dinner,

which (as the wife says to her husband after a party, where the second course follows the first with remarkable celerity) "went off remarkably well. The crackers popped outside, and the champagne popped in. The celerity of the Americans at a public dinner is very commendable; they speak only now and then; and the toasts follow so fast, that you have just time to empty your glass before you are requested to fill again. Thus the arranged toasts went off rapidly, and after them, any one might withdraw. I waited till the thirteenth toast, the last on the paper, to wit, the ladies of America; and, having previously, in a speech from the recorder, bolted Bunker's Hill and New Orleans, I thought I might as well bolt myself, as I wished to see the fireworks, which were to be very splendid.

As a set-off to this funning, we will subjoin a few serious facts.

America is a wonderful country, endowed by the Omnipotent with natural advantages which no other can boast of; and the mind can hardly calculate upon the degree of perfection and power to which, whether the States are eventually separated or not, it may in the course of two centuries arrive. At present all is energy and enterprise; everything is in a state of transition, but of rapid improvement—so rapid, indeed, that those who would describe America now would have to correct all in the short space of ten years; for ten years in America is almost equal to a century in the old continent. Now you may pass through a wild forest, where the elk browses and the panther howls. In ten years, that very forest, with its denizens, will, most likely, have disappeared, and in their place you will find towns with thousands of inhabitants; with arts, manufactures, and machinery, all in full activity.

In reviewing America, we must look upon it as showing the development of the English character under a new aspect, arising from a new state of things. If I were to draw a comparison between the English and the Americans, I should say that there is almost as much difference between the two nations at this present time, as there has long been between the English and the Dutch. The latter are considered by us as phlegmatic and slow; and we may be considered the same, compared with our energetic descendants. Time to an American is everything, and space he attempts to reduce to a mere nothing. By the steam-boats, railroads, and the wonderful facilities of water-carriage, a journey of five hundred miles is as little considered in America, as would be here a journey from London to Brighton. "*Go a-head*" is the real motto of the country; and every man does push on, to gain in advance of his neighbour. The American lives twice as long as others; for he does twice the work during the time that he lives. He begins life sooner: at fifteen he is considered a man, plunges into the stream of enterprise, floats and struggles with his fellows. In every trifle an American shows the value he puts upon time.

* * * *

Now, all this energy and activity is of English origin; and were England expanded into America, the same results would be produced. To a certain degree, the English were in former times what the Americans are now; and this it is which has raised our country so high in the scale of nations; but since we have become so closely packed—so crowded, that there is hardly room for the population, our activity has been proportionably cramped and subdued. But, in this vast and favoured country, the very associations and impressions of childhood foster and ripen the intellect, and precociously rouse the energies. The wide expanse of territory already occupied—the vast and magnificent rivers—the boundless regions yet remaining to be peopled—the rapidity of communication—the despatch with which everything is effected, are evident almost to the child. To those who have rivers many thousand miles in length, the passage across the Atlantic (of 3,500 miles) appears but a trifle; and the American ladies talk of spending the winter at Paris with as much indifference as one of our landed proprietors would of going up to London for the season.

We must always bear in mind the peculiar and wonderful advantages of *country*, when we examine America and its form of government; for the country has had more to do with upholding this democracy than people might at first imagine. Among the advantages of democracy, the greatest is, perhaps, that *all start fair*; and the boy who holds the traveller's horse, as Van Buren is said to have done, may become the president of the United States. But it is the *country*, and not the government, which has been productive of such rapid strides as have been made by America. Indeed, it is a query whether the form of government would have existed down to this day, had it not been for the advantages derived from the vast extent

and boundless resources of the territory in which it was established. Let the American direct his career to any goal he pleases, his energies are unshackled; and, in the race, the best man must win. There is room for all, and millions more. Let him choose his profession—his career is not checked or foiled by the excess of those who have already embarked in it. In every department there is an opening for talent; and for those inclined to work, work is always to be procured. You have no complaint in this country, that every profession is so full that it is impossible to know what to do with your children. There is a vast field, and all may receive the reward due for their labour.

Captain Marryat happened to be in Canada at the breaking out of the late miserable insurrection, and he accompanied our troops to St. Eustache. The account of his short campaign is dreadful.

On the morning of the — the ice on the branch of the Ottawa river, which we had to cross, being considered sufficiently strong to bear the weight of the artillery, the whole force marched out, under the command of Sir John Colborne in person, to reduce the insurgents, who had fortified themselves at St. Eustache and St. Benoit, two towns of some magnitude in the district of Bois Brulé. The snow, as I before observed, lay very deep; but by the time we started, the road had been well beaten down by the multitudes which had preceded us.

The effect of the whole line of troops, in their fur caps and great coats, with the trains of artillery, ammunition, and baggage-wagons, as they wound along the snow-white road, was very beautiful. It is astonishing how much more numerous the force, and how much larger the men and horses appeared to be, from the strong contrast of their colours with the wide expanse of snow.

As we passed one of the branches of the Ottawa, one of the ammunition-wagons falling through the ice, the horses were immediately all but choked by the drivers—a precaution which was novel to me, and a singular method of saving their lives: but such was the case: the air within them, rarified by heat, inflated their bodies like balloons, and they floated high on the water. In this state they were easily disengaged from their traces, and hauled out upon the ice; the cords which had nearly strangled them were then removed, and, in a few minutes, they recovered sufficiently to be led to the shore.

Let it not be supposed that I am about to write a regular dispatch. I went out with the troops, but was of about as much use as the fifth wheel of a coach; with the exception, that as I rode one of Sir John Colborne's horses, I was, perhaps, so far supplying the place of a groom who was better employed.

The town of St. Eustache is very prettily situated on the high banks of the river, the most remarkable object being the Catholic church, a very large massive building, raised about two hundred yards from the river side, upon a commanding situation. This church the insurgents had turned into a fortress, and perhaps, for a fortress "*d'occasion*," there never was one so well calculated for a vigorous defence, it being flanked by two long stone-built houses, and protected in the rear by several lines of high and strong palisades, running down into the river. The troops halted about three hundred yards from the town, to reconnoitre; the artillery were drawn up and opened their fire, but chiefly with a view that the enemy, by returning the fire, might demonstrate their force and position. These being ascertained, orders were given by Sir John Colborne, so that in a short time the whole town would be invested by the troops. The insurgents perceiving this, many of them escaped, some through the town, others by the frozen river. Those who crossed on the ice were chased by the volunteer dragoons, and the slipping and tumbling of the pursued and the pursuers, afforded as much merriment as interest; so true it is, that anything ludicrous will make one laugh, in opposition to the feelings of sympathy, anxiety, and fear. Some of the runaways were cut down, and many more taken prisoners.

As soon as that portion of the troops which had entered the town, and marched up the main street towards the church, arrived within half-musket shot, they were received with a smart volley, which was fired from the large windows of the church, and which wounded a few of the men. The soldiers were then ordered to make their approaches under cover of the houses; and the artillery being brought up, commenced firing upon the church: but the walls of the building were much too solid for the shot to make any impression, and had the insurgents stood firm they certainly might have given a great deal of trouble, and probably have occasioned a

severe loss of men ; but they became alarmed, and fired one of the houses which abutted upon and flanked the church,—this they did with the view of escaping under cover of the smoke. In a few minutes the church itself was obscured by the volumes of smoke thrown out ; and at the same time that the insurgents were escaping, the troops marched up and surrounded the church. The poor wretches attempted to get away, either singly or by twos and threes ; but the moment they appeared, a volley was discharged, and they fell. Every attempt was made by the officers to make prisoners, but with indifferent success ; indeed, such was the exasperation of the troops at the murder of Lieut. Weir, that it was a service of danger to attempt to save the life of one of these poor deluded creatures. The fire from the house soon communicated to the church. Chenier, the leader, with ten others, the remnant of the insurgents who were in the church, rushed out ; there was one tremendous volley, and all was over.

By this time many other parts of the town were on fire, and there was every prospect of the whole of it being burnt down, leaving no quarters for the soldiers to protect them during the night. The attention of everybody was therefore turned to prevent the progress of the flames. Some houses were pulled down, so as to cut off the communication with the houses in the centre of the town, and in these houses the troops were billeted off. The insurgents had removed their families, and most of their valuables and furniture, before our arrival ; but in one house were the commissariat stores, consisting of the carcasses of all the cattle, sheep, pigs, &c., which they had taken from the loyal farmers ; there was a very large supply, and the soldiers were soon cooking in all directions. The roll was called, men mustered, and order established.

The night was bitterly cold : the sky was clear, and the moon near to her full : houses were still burning in every direction, but they were as mere satellites to the lofty church, which was now one blaze of fire, and throwing out volumes of smoke, which passed over the face of the bright moon, and gave to her a lurid reddish tinge, as if she too had assisted in these deeds of blood. The distant fires scattered over the whole landscape, which was one snow-wreath ; the whirling of the smoke from the houses which were burning close to us, and which, from the melting of the snow, were surrounded by pools of water, reflecting the fierce yellow flames, mingled with the pale beams of the bright moon—this, altogether, presented a beautiful, novel, yet melancholy panorama. I thought it might represent, in miniature, the burning of Moscow.

About midnight, when all was quiet, I walked up to the church, in company with one of Sir John Colborne's aides-de-camp : the roof had fallen, and the flames had subsided for want of further aliment. As we passed by a house which had just taken fire, we heard a cry, and, on going up, found a poor wounded Canadian, utterly incapable of moving, whom the flames had just reached ; in a few minutes he would have been burned alive : we dragged him out, and gave him in charge of the soldiers, who carried him to the hospital.

But what was this compared to the scene which presented itself in the church ! But a few weeks back, crowds were there, kneeling in adoration and prayer ; I could fancy the Catholic priests in their splendid stoles, the altar, its candlesticks and ornaments, the solemn music, the incense, and all that, by appealing to the senses, is so favourable to the cause of religion with the ignorant and uneducated ; and what did I now behold ?—nothing but the bare and blackened walls, the glowing beams and rafters, and the window-frames which the flames still licked and flickered through. The floor had been burnt to cinders, and upon and between the sleepers on which the floor had been laid, were scattered the remains of human creatures, injured in various degrees, or destroyed by the fire ; some with merely the clothes burnt off, leaving the naked body ; some burnt to a deep brown tinge ; others so far consumed that the viscera were exposed ; while here and there the blackened ribs and vertebra were all that the fierce flames had spared.

Not only inside of the church, but without its walls, was the same revolting spectacle. In the remains of the small building used as a receptacle for the coffins previous to interment, were several bodies heaped one upon another, and still burning, the tressels which had once supported the coffins serving as fuel ; and further off were bodies still unscathed by fire, but frozen hard by the severity of the weather.

Sacred Poems. By the late Right Hon. Sir ROBERT GRANT.

Some of these Poems, the productions of the late excellent Governor of Bombay, have already appeared in print. A few are now published for the first time. They all evince an elevated christian spirit.

In a notice prefixed to the work, the author's noble brother, Lord Glenelg, observes, "Of those which are already known to the world, copies have been multiplied, but they vary so much from the original, as well as from each other, that it becomes necessary to present to the public a more correct and authentic version. In fulfilling this duty, I believe that I render an acceptable service to the lovers of poetry and religion, and it will, I am persuaded, be found that the additional poems here inserted are in no degree unworthy of those which have preceded them."

Lord Glenelg has rightly judged: every reader of proper feeling will thank his lordship for the service he has here rendered. We quote the following:—

THE BROOKLET.

SWEET brooklet, ever gliding,
Now high the mountain riding,
The lone vale now dividing,
Whither away?
"With pilgrim course I flow,
"Or in summer's scorching glow,
"Or o'er moonless wastes of snow,
"Nor stop nor stay;
"For O, by high behest,
"To a bright abode of rest
"In my parent Ocean's breast
"I hasten away!"

Many a dark morass,
Many a craggy mass,
Thy feeble force must pass;
Yet, yet delay!
"Tho' the marsh be dire and deep,
"Tho' the crag be stern and steep,
"On, on, my course must sweep,
"I may not stay;
"For O, be it east or west,
"To a home of glorious rest
"In the bright sea's boundless breast
"I hasten away!"

The warbling bowers beside thee,
The laughing flowers that hide thee,
With soft accord they chide thee,
Sweet brooklet, stay!
"I taste of the fragrant flowers,
"I respond to the warbling bowers,
"And sweetly they charm the hours
"Of my winding way;
"But ceaseless still, in quest
"Of that everlasting rest,
"In my parent's boundless breast,
"I hasten away!"

Know'st thou that dread abyss?
Is it a scene of bliss?
Ah, rather cling to this,
Sweet brooklet, stay!
"O who shall fitly tell
"What wonders there may dwell?—
"That world of mystery well
"Might strike dismay;
"But I know 'tis my parent's breast—
"There held, I must needs be blest;—
"And with joy to that promised rest
"I hasten away!"

Physic and Physicians: a Medical Sketch Book, exhibiting the Public and Private Life of the most celebrated Medical Men of former days; with Memoirs of eminent living London Physicians and Surgeons. Two Volumes.

This is as complete a specimen of bookmaking as we have seen for a long time. It looks as if, for greater despatch, it had been got up upon the division of labour principle, and the different labourers (unlike pin-makers) had had no communication with each other, nor any previous arrangement as to which of them should do the heads, and which the tails. In the first part, about the medical men of old times, there is, however,

some amusing matter, taken (too often without acknowledgment) from Doctor Macmichael and a variety of other authors, new and old, which may prove acceptable to those who are unacquainted with the original and somewhat voluminous sources of information, or with the books of anecdotes, in which most of the stories are contained. We will venture to cull a few of the anecdotes, without any attention either to chronological order, or to the compiler's classification. Every body has heard of Doctor Radcliffe, who flourished in the reigns of William and Mary, Queen Anne, and the first George. He was an oddity all over, and very fond of his bottle.

Among the many singularities recorded of this eccentric man, is the following:— whilst he was one evening deeply engaged at a tavern, he was called on by a grenadier, who desired his immediate attendance on his *Colonel*: but no entreaties could prevail on the disciple of Esculapius to postpone his sacrifice to Bacchus. "Sir," quoth the soldier, "*my orders were to bring you*:" and being a very powerful man, he took him up in his arms and carried him off by force. After traversing some dirty lanes, the doctor and his escort arrived at a narrow alley—"What the d—l is all this," said Radcliffe, "your colonel don't live here?" "No," said his military friend, "no, my *colonel* does not live here—but my comrade does, and he's worth two colonels; so by —, doctor, if you don't do your *best* for him, it will be the worst for you."

He was once sent for into the country to visit a gentleman ill of the quinsy. Finding that no external or internal application would be of service, he desired the lady of the house to order a hasty pudding to be made; when it was done, his own servants were to bring it up; while the pudding was preparing, he gave them instructions how they were to act. When the pudding was set on the table, the doctor said, "Come, Jack and Dick, eat as quickly as possible; you have had no breakfast this morning." Both began with their spoons, but on Jack's dipping one for Dick's twice, a quarrel arose. Spoonfuls of hot pudding were discharged on both sides; handfuls were pelted at each other. The patient was seized with a hearty fit of laughter, the quinsy burst, and the patient recovered.

Dr. Radcliffe had a great objection to paying his bills. A pavior, after long and fruitless attempts to get his account settled, caught Dr. R. just getting out of his chariot, at his own door, in Bloomsbury Square, and demanded the liquidation of his debt. "Why, you rascal," said the doctor, "do you pretend to be paid for such a piece of work? Why, you have spoiled my pavement, and then covered it over with earth to hide your bad work." "Doctor," said the pavior, "mine is not the only bad work that the earth hides." "You dog, you," said Radcliffe, "are you a wit? You must be poor—come in, and you shall be paid."

Dr. Radcliffe, attending one of his intimates in a dangerous sickness, with an unusual strain of generosity for him, declared he would not touch a fee. One insisted, the other positively refused. When the patient's health was established, and the doctor was taking his leave, the patient said, "Sir, in this purse I have put every day's fee; nor must your goodness get the better of my gratitude." The Doctor eyed the purse, counted the number of days he had been attending, and then holding out his hand, replied, "Well, I can hold out no longer; singly I could have refused them for a twelvemonth; but altogether they are irresistible."

"A little behind my house," says Dr. Cumming, "lies Carshalton, at which place, in days of yore, I have been informed that Dr. Radcliffe and the great Dons in his day, held an hebdomadal meeting, sacred, not to *Æsculapius*, but to Bacchus. To admit a young physician to one of these meetings was deemed a distinguished honour; for no one was asked, unless he seemed likely to prove conspicuous. When Dr. Mead was young, and just beginning to be talked of, he was asked to Carshalton; the object was to make him drunk, and to see the man: this design he suspected, and carefully avoided to fill a bumper when the sign was given.

"*Mecum sæpe viri cum vino pellite curas*:"

And he so managed as to see all the company retire under the table, except Radcliffe and himself; and the former was so far gone as to talk fast, and to show him-

self affected by the potations. "Mead," said he, "will you succeed me?" "It is impossible," replied the polite Mead; "you are Alexander the Great, and no man can succeed Radcliffe: to succeed to one of his kingdoms is the utmost of my ambition." Radcliffe, with all his bluntness, was susceptible of flattery when delicately dressed up, and this reply won his heart. "I will recommend you, Mead, to my patients," said he; and the next day he did Mead the honour to visit him in town, when he found him reading Hippocrates. Radcliffe with surprise asked, "Do you read Hippocrates in the original Greek?" "Yes," answered Mead, respectfully. "I never read it in my life," said the great Radcliffe. "No!" replied Mead, "You have no occasion, you are Hippocrates himself." This did the business for Mead, and it completely gained the blunt Radcliffe: and when he did not choose to attend patients, he recommended Mead, who from that moment rapidly rose in his profession. "This," says Dr. Lettsom, "I heard ten years ago from old Dr. Mounsey of Chelsea, who was one of the party; and since, Crespigny, of Camberwell, told me the anecdote of this drinking party."

It was said of Radcliffe after his death, by some friends who were well aware that he never thought of these things when alive, that, a little before he died, he read the twentieth or thirtieth chapter of Genesis, and observed, "he found Moses a clever fellow; if he had known him a little sooner, he thought he would have read him through."

The next are about Doctor Mounsey, commonly called the Chelsea doctor.

The Doctor was intimately acquainted with Sir Robert Walpole, who knew the worth of his "Norfolk Doctor," as he called Mounsey, but neglected to reward it. The prime minister was fond of billiards, at which his friend very much excelled him. "How happens it," said Sir Robert, in his social hour, "that nobody will beat me at billiards and contradict me but Dr. Mounsey?" "They," said the Doctor, "get places; I get dinners and praise." The Duke of Grafton was mean enough to put off paying him for a long attendance on himself and family, by promising him a little place at Windsor. "I take the liberty to call on your Grace, to say the place is vacant," said the Chelsea Physician. "Ecod, (his Grace had not the most harmonious voice, and repeated this elegant word in a very peculiar manner,) Ecod, I knew it; the Chamberlain has just been here to tell me he promised it to Jack." The disconcerted and never paid physician retired, and informed the Lord Chamberlain of what had passed, who said, "Don't for the world tell his Grace; but, before he knew I had promised it, here is a letter to me, soliciting it for a third person."

Dr. Mounsey was always infatuated with a fear of the insecurity of the public funds, and was frequently anxious, in his absence from his apartments, for a place of safety, in which to deposit his cash and notes. Going on a journey, during the hot weather in July, he chose the fire-place of his sitting-room for his treasury, and placed bank-notes and cash to a considerable amount in one corner, under the cinders and shavings. On his return, after a month's absence, he found his housekeeper preparing to treat some friends with a cup of tea, and, by way of showing respect to her guests, the parlour fire-place was chosen to make the kettle boil; the fire had not long been lighted when the Doctor arrived. When he entered the room, the company had scarcely began tea. Mounsey ran across the room, like a madman, saying, "Hang it, you have ruined me for ever; you have burned all my bank-notes." First went the contents of the slop basin, then the tea-pot, then he rushed to the pump in the kitchen, and brought a pail of water, which he threw partly over the fire and partly over the company, who, in the utmost consternation, got out of his way as speedily as possible. His housekeeper cried out, "For G—sake take care, Sir, or you will spoil the steel stove and fire-irons." "D—n the irons," replied the Doctor; "you have ruined me—you have burned my bank-notes." "L—, Sir," said the half-drowned woman, "who'd think of putting bank-notes in a Bath stove, where the fire is ready laid?" "And," retorted he, "who would think of making a fire in the summer time, where there has not been one for several months?" He then pulled out the coals and cinders, and, at one corner, found the remains of his bank-notes, and one quarter of them entire and legible. Next day, Dr. Mounsey called upon Lord Godolphin, the high-treasurer, and told him the

story. His lordship said, "that he would go with him to the Bank the next day, and get the cash for him, through his influence. He accordingly ordered his carriage, and agreed to meet Mounsey at the room in the Bank, where some of the directors daily attended. The Doctor, being obliged to go to the Horse Guards on business, took water at Whitehall for the City. In going down the river, he pulled out his pocket-book, to see if the remains of his notes were safe, when a sudden puff of wind blew them out of his pocket-book into the river. "Put back, you scoundrel," said the doctor, "my bank-notes are overboard."

He was instantly obeyed, and the doctor took his hat and dipped it into the river, inclosing the notes and hatful of water. In this state he put it under his arm, and desired to be set ashore immediately. On landing, he walked to the Bank, and was shown into the room where Lord Godolphin had just before arrived. "What have you under your arm?" said his lordship. "The d—d notes," replied the doctor, throwing down his hat with the contents on the table, with such a force as to scatter the water into the faces of all who were standing near it. "There," said the doctor, "take the remainder of your notes, for neither fire nor water will consume them!"

The next are about Doctor Sir Richard Jebb, who is said to have died broken-hearted on account of having been turned away from his situation of court physician by George III.

It is stated that Sir Richard Jebb was very rough and harsh in his manner. He once observed to a patient to whom he had been very rude, "Sir, it is my way." "Then," replied the patient, pointing to the door, "I beg you will make *that* your way."

Sir Richard, on being called to see a patient, who fancied himself very ill, told him candidly what he thought, and declined prescribing, thinking it unnecessary. "Now you are here," said the patient, "I shall be obliged to you, Sir Richard, if you will tell me how I must live, what I may eat, and what not." "My directions as to that point," replied Sir Richard, "will be few and simple. You must not eat the poker, shovel, or tongs, for they are hard of digestion; nor the bellows, because they are windy; but any thing else you please."

Sir Richard Jebb was the first cousin to Dr. John Jebb, who had been a dissenting minister, well known for his political opinions and writings. His Majesty George III. used sometimes to talk to Sir Richard concerning his cousin; and on one occasion more particularly spoke of his restless reforming spirit, in the church, in the university, &c. "And please your Majesty," replied Sir Richard, "if my cousin were in heaven, he would be a reformer."

Sir Richard was not distinguished for being tenacious of the language he made use of to patients. Nothing used to make him swear more than the eternal question, "What may I eat?" "Pray, Sir Richard, may I eat a muffin?" "Yes, madam, the best thing you can take." "O dear! I am glad of that. But, Sir Richard, you told me the other day, that it was the *worst* thing that I could eat!" "What would be proper for me to eat to-day?" says another lady. "Boiled turnips." "Boiled turnips?" exclaimed the patient, "you forget, Sir Richard, I told you I could never eat boiled turnips." "Then, madam, you must have a d—d vitiated appetite."

Sir John Elliot, whom George III. made a baronet, but whom he would not have for his physician, must have had some curious anecdotes to tell, as he was a great favourite with the ladies, and his female patients were always falling in love with him: but our compiler has not collected anything about him worth repeating.

The following relate to one who was the friend of Pope, and Swift, and Bolingbroke, and all that great *coté-rie*.

Garth was very much embarrassed one evening whilst writing a letter at a coffee-house, by an Irish gentleman, who was rude enough to look over his shoulder all the time. The physician, however, seemed to take no notice of this impertinence until towards the close of his letter, when he humorously added by way of postscript, "I would write you more by this post, but there's a d— tall impudent Irishman looking over my shoulder all the time." "What do you mean, sir?" said the Irishman in a great fury, "do you think I looked over your letter?" "Sir," said Sir Samuel, very gravely, "I never once opened my lips to you." "Ay, but you have put it

down for all that." "That's impossible, sir," said Garth, "as you have never once looked over my letter."

Garth, one Sunday, stumbled into a Presbyterian church, to beguile a few idle moments, and seeing the parson apparently overwhelmed by the importance of the subject, he observed to a person who stood near him, "What makes the man greet?" "By my faith, answered the other, "you would, perhaps, greet too, if you were in his place, and had as little to say." "Come along and dine with me, my good fellow," said Garth, "I perceive you are too good a fellow to be here."

Garth was a general scholar, without the least tincture or affectation of pedantry. He was humane in his profession, and not more ready to visit than to relieve the necessitous. His conversation was free, his wit flowing and agreeable, and always tempered by affability and good nature.

Many amusing anecdotes are recorded of this eminent poet and physician. On one occasion, when he met the members of the celebrated Kit-kat Club, he declared that he must soon be gone, having many patients to attend; but on some excellent wine being placed on the table, and the conversation becoming interesting and animated, the doctor soon forgot his professional engagements. His friend, Sir Richard Steel, however, thought it his duty to remind the doctor of his poor patients. Garth immediately pulled out his list, upon which were fifteen names. "It is no great matter whether I see them to-night or not," said he, "for nine of them have such bad constitutions, that all the physicians in the world can't save them; and the other six have such good constitutions, that all the physicians in the world can't kill them."

Garth, about the last three years of his life, talked in a less libertine manner, than he had been used to do. "He was rather doubtful, and fearful," says his friend Pope, "than religious." It was usual for him to say, that if there was any such thing as religion, it was among the Roman Catholics. "He died a papist, (as I was assured by Mr. Blount, who carried the father to him in his last hours;) probably, from the greater efficacy we give the sacraments. He did not take any care of himself in his last illness; and had talked for three or four years, as one tired of living. In short, I believe he was willing to let it go."

In a letter written by Pope, dated Dec. 12th, 1718, to a friend, he gives the following account of Garth's death, his fears of it, and his own opinion of his character.

"The best natured of men, says he, Sir Samuel Garth, has left me in the truest concern for his loss. His death was very heroic, and yet unaffected enough to have made a saint or a philosopher famous. But ill tongues, and worse hearts, have branded even his last moments, as wrongfully as they did his life with irreligion. You must have heard many tales on this subject; but if ever there was a good Christian, without knowing himself to be so, it was Dr. Garth."

All that part of "*Physic and Physicians*," which pretends to give an account of the eminent living professors, is physic for the dogs—something more unpalatable than black-draught mixture. It is written in the worst of tastes, and is monstrously incorrect from beginning to end.

Pictures of the French; drawn by themselves.

This is a very good translation of a periodical work (something in the manner of our English "*Heads of the People*,") now in the course of publication at Paris. Both illustrations and letter-press are light and amusing, and full of character. Those who know Paris will recognise many an old acquaintance. The whole thing is essentially Parisian, and tends to convey a very correct notion of the present state of society in that extraordinary capital. The "*Parisian Lady*," the "*Grisette*," the "*Grocer*," the "*Law Student*," the "*Political Lady*," and the "*Literary Adventurer*," are all hit off to the life. We must make room for an extract from the last-named paper.

At length, then, he was a man of letters. Like others, he had at last his work "imprinted;" but, what he had more than others, was a myriad of faults scattered through his whole work, the inevitable result of his inexperience in the matter of typographical correction; witness a passage wherein he had meant to celebrate the

devotedness of women,—but to which a very opposite meaning was given by the omission of a single letter. Apart from this little mischief, Eugène was the happiest of men ; he carried thirty copies of the *Cherubin* to the post—there was one for each of the authorities, civil or administrative, of Chateau-Chinon ; then he entered all the coffee-houses he knew, all the reading-rooms he could find, asking everywhere for the *Cherubin*, and not resigning it till he had slowly read over his “ Article ;” at night, before going to bed, he wrote several letters to himself, with the following address :—“ To Monsieur Eugène Preval, Journalist and Man of Letters,” in order to fix his identity well in the eyes and memory of his porter.

The *Cherubin* dead, its contributors felt an immense void in their human existence ;—some deplored exceedingly having no longer at their disposal that convenient rostrum, wherein they installed themselves at their ease, to harangue the crowd, which did not give itself the trouble of listening : what others regretted still more, was the loss of a shelter and flock bed, on which they might at least sometimes depend. In short, it was unanimously resolved that a new journal should be founded ; and to give solidity to its existence, it was further decreed, that the property of the said journal should be created in shares : it was then that arose the *Revue de France*, supported by a society of contributing shareholders, each engaging to pay a monthly proportion of fifteen, ten, or five francs, according to the extent of his pecuniary means ; those who paid fifteen francs had the right of inserting two or three times as many papers as those who paid ten or five. It was enjoined on all the proprietors, under pain of a solemn exclusion, to demand in every public place, and that with all possible uproar, the *Revue de France*, and if by any chance some villain of a waiter should reply—“ Don’t know it ”—the said proprietor was to turn out immediately, taking nothing but a glass of water (without sugar) and a tooth-pick—in short, consuming nothing for which he would have to pay.

Eugène, as a five-franc shareholder, joined the project, that was to be, according to the prospectus, a Literary Pyramid—that was nothing less than a twin-sister of the *Cherubin*, and that rapidly shared the same fate.

Encouraged by two successes of such excellent augury, our hero proceeded without delay to the compilation of various anonymous papers ; and having heard that all men of letters in tolerable credit were more or less welcome in the reception-room of some celebrated actress, he bethought himself of making a choice, and wrote thirteen impassioned letters to the fascinating Frétilon, of the *Palais Royal*, with entreaties for instant reply : but the actress gave no reply whatever, and we do not know what would have become of our aspirant if, at the same time, and by way of consolation, one of the journals of which he was an assiduous, but ill-paid contributor, had not invited him all at once to enter the seventh heaven.

From the day of his first embarkation in literature, Eugène had felt himself devoured by an eager longing that, like the robe of the Centaur, was ever more closely involving him in its burning folds :—he would have given ten years of his life, he declared, to have the *entrée* to the green-room of a theatre : whenever he passed the door of one he gazed with longing eyes at the special entrance of the privileged and of the performers, murmuring sadly to himself—“ *Open, Sesame.*” Now the journal to which we have above referred, bestowed upon him one fine morning a free admission to the *Folies Dramatiques*, appointing him to render an account of its first representations. Eugène was then living in the Rue des Mathurins St. Jacques, at the distance of a good league from the Boulevard of the Temple—the site of the theatre ; but this did not prevent him from being at his post during forty consecutive nights. They were playing at that time, I know not what wild melodrama—Eugène learnt it by heart, and was not long in becoming an accomplished critic in his appreciation of the company. Every paper overflowed with concientious remonstrances, addressed to Mademoiselle Alphonsine, and recommending her to take pattern by Mademoiselle Anastacie—and to Monsieur Auguste, entreating him to be less servile in his imitation of Monsieur Adolphe.

One evening he was admitted, by special favour, behind the scenes ; he was beside himself for joy—his cheeks glowed, his eyes sparkled, his heart beat almost through his waistcoat, not with fear, but with a sacred emotion ; one might have compared him to a young lieutenant in his first battle. He went dreaming of unbounded delights ; the said delights consisted in receiving a cloud on his head that crushed his hat—a cabin fell about his legs and tore them cruelly,—an oily moon set full on his back,—to say nothing of the blows of the scene-shifter, and the kicks of the firemen in waiting. At the instant of leaving this place of bliss, he lost his footing, and plunged headlong into the “ pit of the wicked,” represented by that same trap-door

by which the villain of the piece had a moment before been swallowed up. That night Eugène lost an illusion, and found a sprain which confined him to his room for a fortnight;—he employed this period in fabricating a vaudeville, such as, according to the manager, we shall never see again. The introduction to the first act, among other parts, was written with prodigious force; let the following passage exemplify: "The theatre represents a forest; on the left is a tree." The managers of Paris had all, without exception, the cruelty to deprive the city of this remarkable work,—he of the Théâtre Français and all, to which last it was addressed, under the pseudonymic of "Comedy." The recipe on these occasions is very simple. You wish to make a waistcoat out of your coat,—then you cut off the skirts: in like manner Eugène pulled down the ill-built and loosely rhymed couplets of his vaudeville, and converted it into a comedy. This check made our hero bid adieu to the theatre, and return to the journalising path, where new and brilliant successes awaited him. It was now that he felt the necessity of surrounding his name with a halo of some kind or other; and to this end wrote an anonymous letter to the editor of the *Paris Directory*, complaining loudly of the carelessness and ignorance that had presided at the compilation of the said *Directory*; and to prove the justice of his assertion, he cited the incredible omission therein made of the name of a distinguished Monsieur Eugène Preval, living at Paris, in the Rue Monsieur-le-Prince, No. 78, and at the house of a wine-merchant!

At this same period, Eugène desired to have some visiting-cards engraved. Making known to a friend the embarrassment he experienced at having no distinctive epithet to tag to his name—adding, besides, that he was not ambitious, but would be content with the merest nonsense of a thing, were it even the title of Chevalier of the Legion of Honour: his friend advised him to get himself elected member of the Historical Institute; and by means of six five-franc pieces, Eugène was elected accordingly. From this moment he had the right of *absenting* himself from its monthly meetings to discuss Literature and Geography; charming assemblies, nevertheless, they are,—where some three dozen of people who have nothing else to do, meet with the sole aim of telling each other little silly apologues, and reciting dear innocent fables.

Not content with these titles to the admiration of his contemporaries, Eugène, whom men began to inebriate with their vapoury incense, resolved one morning to make himself the satellite of some declared luminary. Finding Parnassus too steep for his little legs, and glory a fruit too elevated for his little arms, he adopted the resolution of hooking himself on to some person of celebrity, whose limbs were sufficiently vigorous and long to attain the one and gather the other. His choice having been determined, he wrote the following letter, bearing the impress of all the frankness and facility of which he felt himself capable:—

"SIR—The reading of your charming works has long inspired me with the wish to express to you personally all the admiration I feel for you. Accept the assurance, &c.
EUGENE PREVAL, Man of Letters."

Two days after he received a reply, conceived thus—

"Come—I am entirely yours. You shall press the hand of a comrade, who offers you his friendship and excellent cigars.

"To Monsieur Eugène Preval, Man of Letters."

One observation we make by the way: most of our great men smoke. Is it, therefore, that they so often emit smoke for the benefit of their readers and publishers?

Four years have now passed since these things and many more such occurred. The wisdom of the ancients has declared, that by dint of hammering one becomes a good smith;—you will not then be surprised if I tell you, that our aspirant, after having passed successively from journals paying badly to journals paying better, and from journals paying better to journals paying well, has at length, like his neighbours, achieved something approaching to distinction. There are few Parisian printing-offices unacquainted with his handwriting. It is not, therefore, impossible, that the Publisher of the *Pictures of the French drawn by Themselves* may ask him to write a sketch—nor is it unlikely that Dantan will hasten to give him a niche in his *Eccentric Pantheon*.

The Manor of Glenmore: or, the Irish Peasant. By a MEMBER OF THE IRISH BAR.

This is an Irish story of no common power. It is intended to illustrate the present social condition of the sister island; and the reader may have some confidence in the illustration, as the author gives manifest and manifold proofs of being well acquainted with his subject, and with the character and habits of the Irish peasantry. He possesses also, in an eminent degree, the faculty of sketching character, and making the incidents of a story lively and dramatic. Many novel readers may find that the work over-abounds in politics; but alas! there is no illustrating the condition of Ireland without getting into that stormy arena. It is to be regretted, however, that the author has not kept himself more free from the virulence of party.

The grand incident of the story is a popular insurrection, and there is a deal of amusing and instructive talk about "White Boys," "Hearts of Steel," "Shanavests," "Ribbon Men," and the like.

At the end of the first and second volumes there are some well-chosen and exceedingly interesting notes. We quote what follows to do honour to Lord Headly, and to encourage other great landholders to go and do likewise.

The estate of Glenbegh, or Glen of the Begh, or Birchen river, is situated at the entrance of the Iverah mountains, an extremely wild district, on the shores of the bay of Castlemain, and on the extreme south-western coast of Ireland. It consists of about 15,000 acres, much of which is rocky, boggy, and mountain ground. Steep and rugged mountains surround the estate, in the form of an amphitheatre, except towards the sea; along the shores of which a line of hills extends. Thus a sheltered vale is formed, through which the little river Begh takes the whole of its rapid course, from its sources in the mountain lakes to the sea.

This situation is romantic and picturesque, but its general aspect is wild and savage; and certainly, in the year 1807, presented as unpromising a subject for improvement as could well be imagined: and such was the character of the inhabitants for ferocity, that every traveller dreaded attack, and assumed a posture of defence, as he made his way between the river and a frowning cliff which overhangs it, then the only pass into the extensive districts to the west.

The glen was, at that time, supposed to be a place of safe retreat to every offender who fled from justice,—for there all pursuit terminated. The inhabitants allowed no person to be conducted through it as a prisoner, and it was their boast that none were ever punished who had taken refuge in its fastnesses.

They were looked upon by the rest of the country as savage, and treated as people amongst whom there was no security but in superior force. This feeling was far from being softened on those melancholy occasions when shipwrecks occurred on the coast, during which nothing but an armed force could prevent every vestige of property being plundered by those and the neighbouring people. As to taxes, cesses, and other public dues, it may be imagined that the people lived nearly free from those imposts, for the king's heath money was abandoned, because of the difficulty attending its collection, although the officers appointed to that duty were supported by troops.

The habitations of these mountaineers were the lowest order of huts, scarcely affording room to the inmates, and quite inadequate to the purpose of shelter. The people were miserably clothed and badly fed; the scanty potato-crop was often, from necessity, shared with the cows, who must have otherwise starved for want of other provisions. Murderous quarrels were not unfrequent, often arising out of partnership of tenancy, and, that none of the usual evils might be wanted, letting, by the customary mode of canting, had created enormous disproportions between the rents and the value of the lands,—some of these rents being absurdly high, and others ridiculously low. To these people the bare idea of labour was offensive, and work was considered as slavery. They were, however, a remarkably robust, active, and

enterprising race of men ; hospitable and obliging to those who asked their assistance or courtesy. Many of them possessed almost chivalrous ideas of courage, of ancestry, and of adventure, and exhibited extraordinary symptoms of acuteness and intelligence, and a remarkable fondness for legal subtleties and historical tradition. Such were the people of that country, when Lord Headly, having recently come of age, for the first time visited this portion of the extensive family estate in Ireland. His lordship at once saw the deplorable state of those people was chiefly owing to a long course of neglect : he resolved, therefore, to cultivate their good qualities, without being at first very eager to punish their bad ones ; these he wished to subdue by the progress of improvement, so that the culture of the people might keep pace with that of the soil ; and he has succeeded in establishing, within eighteen years, a degree of improvement and civilisation, which without those efforts must have required a century.

The Irish Poor Committee in 1830 elicited the following corroborative facts :—

“ In what year did your acquaintance with the district begin ? ”

“ I think in 1807, or 1808.”

“ What was the character of the population ? ”

“ They were extremely wild and savage.”

“ Is this district at the present moment in the condition you have described ? ”

“ At the present moment it exhibits a very extraordinary contrast to the condition I have described ; the people are now well clothed ; they are extremely industrious and orderly, and I have seen them attending the chapel regularly twice a day, as well clothed, and as neat and as orderly, and as well conducted, as you see in a country village in England.”

“ Has the character of the houses changed ? ”

“ The houses are very considerably changed ; there are about one hundred and fifty new houses, built as neat as you will see in England.”

“ Has agriculture improved ? ”

“ Agriculture has improved considerably ; they have got into the habit of using sea sand, which enables them to cultivate bog (peat) and mountain to a great extent.”

“ Was there a greater pressure in Kerry at the time of the failure of the crop in 1821 ? ”

“ Very considerable, I think ; out of a population of 230,000, in Kerry, 170,000 were reported to have been destitute of subsistence for the moment, and it ought to be remarked of the people, that not a single depredation on property took place.”

“ Did the condition of the Glenbay estate at the time afford any test by which you could show that it was better than the other parts of the country ? ”

“ It did—a most remarkable test ; for, instead of suffering for want of food, they were enabled to sell food to the rest of the country.”

“ Having described the former state of Glenbay, and its actual condition at present, will you have the goodness to explain what means were adopted for effecting this singular improvement ? ”

“ The means adopted were generally an attention to the character of the people, and a constant desire, on the part of the managers of the estate, to avail themselves of the disposition of those people to the improvement of the lands, and to the improvement of their habits and character generally ; it was done with *very little sacrifice of rent or money*, but a constant and earnest attention to the object of improving the estate by the industry of the people ; and whenever any particular instance of good management or industry, or of care to collect the land or sea-weed, or to reclaim or cultivate the land, or to build a decent house, was evinced by any of the people, they were encouraged by some little emolument or attention, or allowance, or something of the kind. I think the first system was to allow the people half value of any improvement made out of the rent ; but as those rents were *considerably higher than could have been paid*, we conceived that the allowance was rather *nominal than real*.”

“ Then are the Committee to understand, that the improvements you have hitherto described have been effected chiefly by the people themselves, under a due system of encouragement and advice from the landlord ? ”

“ Yes.”

"You have stated that this has been effected without any considerable sacrifice on the part of the landlord; has there been any increased value given to the estate which is proportioned to the amount of rent sacrificed by the landlord?"

"If it were to be sold now, I would say it would sell for many thousands of pounds more than it would have done before; even allowing for what would have been the natural progress of the estate without these attentions and urging. In fact, seeing that the estate had been neglected for many years, and seeing the necessity of either abandoning it to a state of waste, or of doing something in the way of improvement, Lord Headly wished its improvement should be urged, and it was urged, and his own personal attention had a great deal to do with it."

"During the disturbances that occurred, did the spirit of Whiteboyism extend itself to Glenbay?"

"Not at all; on the contrary, the inhabitants had a meeting in a style rather of superiority, disavowing any participation in those feelings, and stating, that the reason they did not participate in those feelings, was, the attention that had been paid to them, and to their improvement, for so many years."

If by force of intense good wishes we could conjure up a hundred Lord Headlys, then would Ireland, in the course of a quarter of a century, be made a peaceful and happy country.

To all who take an interest in the Green Island, and in character and adventure, we recommend "The Manor of Glenmore; or, the Irish Peasant."

New General Biographical Dictionary. Projected and partly arranged by the late Rev. HUGH JAMES ROSE, B.D., Principal of King's College, London. Edited by the Rev. HENRY J. ROSE, B.D., Rector of Houghton Conquest, Bedfordshire; and late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.

A good and comprehensive biographical dictionary has long been a desideratum in English literature. The editor of the present work is ever mild in his criticism of that old stock-book "*Chalmers' General Biographical Dictionary*," mentioning merely its sin of omission, while the sins of commission are numerous and palpable. That book, indeed, is shamefully inaccurate, low in spirit, and destitute of all sterling merit. It has only kept its place in libraries through the trade combinations of booksellers, and the want of something better.

The late Principal of King's College, London, originally projected this "*New General Biographical Dictionary*," and a considerable portion of it was executed by himself and others, when his labours were interrupted by death. The present editor pledges himself to follow out the plan originally devised, and to complete the work with the assistance of many contributors. He says, that when completed, it will most probably not exceed twelve closely printed volumes octavo (royal). The specimen part before us is neatly printed in double column; but all circumstances considered, and comparing it with other popular works in course of publication, we think it *rather* dear.

Some of the longer articles which we have read seem to be correctly and ably written, but not free from strong prejudices, either in politics or in religion. The short articles are very short indeed, some of them not exceeding one line, and therefore being useless. We have noted some inaccuracies—particularly in the modern lives—which seem to have arisen from the writers following too implicitly the *Biographie Universelle*.

Floreston ; or, the New Lord of the Manor. A Tale of Humanity ; comprising the History of a Rural Revolution from Vice and Misery to Virtue and Happiness. Dedicated to the Landed Proprietors of the United Kingdom.

This is an attempt to describe the actual condition of the peasantry of England, and to criticise the New Poor Law, made by one who knows but little of the peasantry, and who has never read, or wholly misapprehended, the Poor Law Act. A certain earnestness, a seeming good intention; and sincerity, might help to render the thing mischievous; but there is good security in its dulness and long-windedness, and few or none will read the book, either for good or for evil.

We have seen of late so many things of this sort, both in prose and rhyme—we are so constantly in the habit of meeting with these social-improvement quacks, that we lose all patience, and must really speak out now and then.

The Wonders of Geology ; or a Familiar Exposition of Geological Phenomena ; being the Substance of a Course of Lectures delivered at Brighton. By GIDEON ALGERNON MANTELL, LL.D. F.R.S., Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, and of the Linnean and Geological Societies of London and Cornwall; Honorary Member of the Philomathic Society of Paris; of the Academies of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia; and of Arts and Sciences of Connecticut; of the Geological Society of Pennsylvania; of the Philosophical Institution of Boston; of the Historical Society of Quebec; and of the Philosophical Societies of York, Newcastle, &c.

This is an improved edition of a very valuable work which was acceptable to all lovers of geology, and doubly welcome to those who were acquainted with the amiable and excellent author, and with the vast collection he has formed with such wonderful perseverance, and under so many discouraging circumstances. When we first saw that remarkable collection it was at the author's house, at Lewes in Sussex, where Mr. Mantell was practising as a medical man. It was afterwards removed to Brighton, and exhibited there for some time by the "Sussex Literary Institution," an institution far too good for such a place, and which was crippled in its infancy from want of proper attention and nurture.

"At that time," says Mr. Mantell, with natural fondness and regret, "I had every reason to believe that my collection would be permanently established in Sussex, and serve as the foundation for a county museum. In that expectation I have, however, been utterly disappointed; for although I would willingly have made any pecuniary sacrifice, to accomplish what appeared to me so desirable an object, yet after the death of my noble and lamented friend, the late Earl of Egremont, the munificent patron of the institution, the proposed measure was abandoned, and even opposed by many of its former supporters. I have, therefore, in compliance with the wishes of my scientific friends, disposed of my entire collection to the Trustees of the British Museum.

"But although the main object of my labours has thus been frustrated, and that collection, which would have been of tenfold importance if located in the district from whence it was derived, and whose physical structure it was designed to illustrate, is now broken up, and will be dispersed through the cabinets of our national institution, yet the most interesting specimens are so unique, and so strikingly

distinct from any others hitherto obtained, that they may be referred to with facility, when the gallery of organic remains in the British Museum shall be finally arranged."

The additional illustrations to the present edition are numerous and important, and the whole of the text has been carefully revised, and here and there enriched with new matter.

The Collected Works of Sir Humphrey Davy, Bart., LL.D. F.R.S., Foreign Associate of the Institute of France, &c. Edited by his brother, JOHN DAVY, M.D. F.R.S. Vol. I. Memoirs of his Life.

This promises to be a well-printed, convenient, and elegant edition of the works of one of the greatest of our modern philosophers. Of the literary merits of the present volume, containing the life, written by Sir Humphrey's brother, we cannot speak altogether in such high terms as we could wish; for though it is an improvement on the memoir already published by the same author, and although Dr. John Davy's fraternal affection and enthusiasm are very commendable, he does not possess all the qualities necessary to form a good biographer, and his volumes must decidedly give place to the far abler and more regular composition of Dr. Paris. Those who are acquainted with the circumstances of Sir Humphrey Davy's life will be somewhat astonished to see how his own brother omits all mention of some of the most curious and striking of those circumstances, and slurs over others in haste, or with purposed and studied brevity. We may venture to give one specimen of the omissions, which perhaps may suggest the animus in which the rest are made. In mentioning his brother's marriage with Mrs. Appreece, he never says a word about that lady's large fortune, which produced the most important changes in the philosopher's life. We are, however, obliged to Dr. Davy for his copious extracts from Sir Humphrey's note-books and journals, as also for the specimens of his poetry, which are literary curiosities of no small value. Some of the great chemist's detached thoughts upon literature, science, morals, and politics, are striking and just; but others there are (where the chemist went far beyond his depth) that are false and heretical. The following is heresy unpardonable:—

"Shakspeare, indeed, has entered with a power that can never be imitated into all the recesses of the human heart; has given infinite delight to all tastes and all conditions of society, and painted man, and enabled us to understand man. *But the influence of these wonderful works is limited by the pleasure that they give; they, undoubtedly, often excite to actions of virtue, but their impression is like that of a dream.*"

Those who best knew and most loved Sir Humphrey Davy, were fain to confess that he would sometimes talk, and write too, about things which he did not fully understand, and pride himself more upon metaphysics, criticism, philology, &c., than upon those sciences in which he was unrivalled.

The following reflection, made in the year 1816, is good, and true, and well expressed; and it were well if it were present to the minds of certain over-hasty reformers in 1839.

"Everything good in society has arisen from gradual reform and progressive change. When the leaves of the tree are blighted, it kills the tree to pluck them off. Decaying leaves are better than no leaves at all: they should be suffered to perform their imperfect functions till they are thrown off by the vigour of the young and healthy leaves."

The Forester. A Tale of 1688. By MARY LOUISA BOYLE.

These volumes will be acceptable to the admirers of Mr. James, for they very much resemble that author's popular novels. The loves and adventures of Mistress Mary Savile and Lord Fleming are pretty and interesting; but we can scarcely imagine that the informed reader's sympathies will go along with Miss Boyle, where she attempts to elevate that contemptible tyrant and bad man, James II., into a hero and martyr, and that ignorant, common-place bigot, Mary of Este, (James's wife,) into a heroine. The great revolution of 1688 is a matter not to be trifled with, and by far too serious a subject for the writers of historical novels and romances. Miss Boyle speaks of her endeavours to adhere closely to the text of history; and says that in these particulars, which more especially concern James II. and his queen, she has taken history for her guide; but we suspect that *her* history has been of a very one-sided and very limited kind, and that she has been studying too exclusively the strange paradox recently set forth by Mr. Plumer Ward, who thought it both easy and honourable to whitewash James II., and cast dirt upon all the managers of that revolution, to which we, as Englishmen, are indebted for all the civil and religious liberty we enjoy. There are some parts of the story not exactly fitted for female study; but a glance at the diaries of Pepys and Evelyn will show that even in debauchery and profligacy James II. was little behind his brother King Charles; and the works of Mr. Fox, Mr. Hallam, and Sir James Mackintosh, will continue to prove to all reasonable beings that James was a dangerous tyrant, and the revolution of 1688—notwithstanding divers basenesses which attended it—the greatest political blessing ever bestowed on this nation.

Means and Ends; or Self-Training. By C. M. SEDGWICK, Author of "Redwood," "Hope Leslie," "Poor Rich Man," &c.

This little volume, more particularly addressed to young women, treats of education, moral training, health, cleanliness, exercise, housewifery, dress, manners, and other matters of equal importance. Like all the other works of this useful writer, it abounds in good sense and in admirable practical lessons, the results of experience. It is as applicable for England as for America, (the author's native country,) and for France or Germany, as for England. It raises the estimate of domestic economy, which is too often neglected because thought easy and vulgar, and upon which, after all, a vast deal of the comfort or happiness of the most intellectual of us mainly depends; it shows that nothing is mean or degrading that is useful, or essential to the well-being of one's household—that "whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well."

In America, says our author—and we will venture to say the same of England—"more evils than ever were fabled of Pandora's box, are sent abroad into the land by bad cooks." "Lay it to your hearts, young women; none of you are too high, and none too low, to regulate the process of domestic cooking. Cooking is women's work; and it is an art that requires the constant exercise of judgment and skill. . . . There is a law among the Arabs that permits a man to divorce any of the four wives allowed him, who does not make good bread!"

The Metropolitan Pulpit; or Sketches of the most Popular Preachers in London. By the Author of "Random Recollections," "The Great Metropolis," &c.

Few authors have written more rapidly or more successfully than the author before us. As a collector of facts or matters of information, he appears to be unrivalled; and if, in his multifarious reports, errors are found, it is not, perhaps, so much a matter of surprise, as that his information should be so frequently accurate. Beginning at the Houses of Lords and Commons, the author has successively sketched "The Great Metropolis," in a 'First and Second Series,' and "Travels in Town," "The Law Courts," "The Bench and the Bar;" and in the present work "The most Popular Preachers." We cannot, perhaps, do better than allow him to state his own views in the publication of the present work, as given in the Preface.

I trust the circumstance is not of unfavourable augury for the success of the book, that I have, within the last six months, been most earnestly solicited by ministers and others, of all denominations and from all parts of the country, to write a work on the most celebrated Preachers in London, on a plan similar to that of the two books already mentioned; the parties not being aware that I had previously determined on bringing out the present volume.

Having in my last work, "Travels in Town," devoted about two hundred and forty pages to the "Religious Denominations of London," I am spared the necessity of making any special references, in these volumes, to the existing state of spiritual matters in the metropolis. The religious statistics of London will be found in the work just named, at very great length.

In penning the present volumes, I can say with the utmost sincerity, that I have been actuated by an anxious desire to write with the greatest fairness and impartiality; and that I have most earnestly endeavoured to guard against anything which could by possibility be construed into an evidence of the book, or any part of it, being written in a bad spirit. I trust there is not a sentence in it of which any one can have just cause to complain. I should be sorry if there were. My object has been to dwell upon excellencies, and to touch but lightly on defects.

I have, I may also state, sought to divest my mind of all prejudices and partialities regarding particular topics, and to write in so unbiassed a spirit as shall render it impossible for those before unacquainted with my views on religious subjects, to ascertain from the work now presented to the public, what these are. I am sure that no one can infer from the book, either what minister I sit under, or to what denomination of Christians I belong.

If I have in some cases been minute in my descriptions, it is because I know how anxious the public are to be able to form, in their own minds, as accurate an idea as possible, of the personal appearance and peculiarities of manner, of distinguished men. I have scrupulously abstained throughout from any reference to matters of a strictly private kind. I have spoken of those whose names I have introduced into the work, only in the capacity of ministers.

In order that I might avoid the invidious task of classing the ministers of the various denominations according to my views of their respective merits, I have taken them topographically, beginning with each denomination at the west-end, and proceeding to the east.

There are many ministers of great and deserved distinction, whose names I was anxious to include in the present work; but the limits to which I was restricted rendered the gratification of my wishes impossible. Should, however, the book meet with a favourable reception, I will follow it up by another volume, which shall embrace all the ministers of distinction now unavoidably omitted.

To this we need scarcely add any remark, except to observe that the author has not confined himself to the living—a considerable part of the first volume being devoted to sketches of celebrated deceased ministers.

Summary of Works that we have received, of which we have no space to make a lengthened notice.

A Vision of Death's Destruction ; and other Poems. By THOMAS JOHN OUSELEY.—A new edition of what we noticed some time ago with warm commendation. There are, however, some considerable additions, and among them a dirge on L. E. L.

Davenport's Historical Class Book, or Readings in Modern History.—Upon a good plan, and compiled with considerable ability. The young student will find it a useful book.

Wordsworth's Greece, Pictorial, Descriptive, and Historical. Part VI.—A beautiful part, containing views and descriptions of Corinth, Mistri, Bœotia, Parnassus, Mount Helicon, Platæa, and other places of immortal names.

Don Juan, Jun. ; a Poem, by BYRON'S GHOST. Edited by G. R. WYTHEN BAXTER.—Fudge! Change the word "christian" into "rhymester," and this Baxter has been correctly described by an old namesake.

Stories for the Fire Side ; or Moral Improvement Illustrated. By Miss RIGNALL.—These stories, written by a lady for the amusement of a little girl, are moral and good of their kind, and would be much better were the language only a little simpler.

Trials of Strength. By MRS. BARWELL.—In language, and in every thing else, this is a model for juvenile story-books. What the able writer more especially demonstrates is the difference between *moral* and *physical* courage.

Agnes, and the Value of Money. By MRS. LOUDON.—Another admirable story-book for young people. Whatever Mrs. Loudon does is well done. She thinks more than she writes, whereas many book-making ladies (and gentlemen too) seem to write more than they think.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Lady Chatterton's Rambles in the South of Ireland. Second Edition. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

Blackmore's Newcastle and Carlisle Railway. 4to. 21s.

Twamley's Autumn Rambles by the Wye. Twenty plates. 8vo. 12s.

Wordsworth's Rules of Court, with Supplement. Second Edition. 12mo. 13s.

The Travellers' Club House. By W. H. Leeds. Imp. 4to. 13s.

Comte de Pambour's Theory of the Steam Engine. 8vo. 12s.

Malcolm's Travels in South-Eastern Asia. Woodcuts. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 16s.

Harding's Early Drawing-Book. New Edition. Oblong 4to. 10s. 6d.

Law of Parliamentary Elections. Part I. By Montague and Neal. 8vo. 5s. 6d.

Yarrell on the Growth of Salmon in Freshwater. Oblong folio. 12s.

Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott. Vol. IV. Second Edition. Fcap. 5s.

Roberts's Dictionary of Geology. Fcap. 6s.

Wiseman's Reply to Dr. Turton's Philalethes Cantabrigiensis. 8vo. 6s.

Tuckfield's Education for the People. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

People's Library of Select Christian Authors. Imp. 8vo. 8s.

Butter's Etymological Spelling-Book. Thirty-sixth Edition. 12mo. 1s. 6d.

The School-room at Home. Square 16mo. 2s. 6d.

The Flower-Basket, from the German of Schmidt. Fcap. 3s.

Lectures on the Jews, by Ministers of Glasgow. 12mo. 4s. 6d.

Hymns, translated from the Parisian Breviary. 18mo. 5s. 6d.

De Lamartine's Travels in the East. People's Edition. Royal 8vo. 3s. 9d.

Bentley's Plane Terrestrial Globe. 1 vol. 4to. 10s. ; 2 vols. 4to. 10s. 6d.

- Jackson's Devotional Year. Second Edition, 18mo. 5s.
 Wood's Bible Stories. Part II. New Edition. 18mo. 2s. 6d.
 Butter's Gradations. Twenty-first Edition. 1s. 6d.
 Eton Selectæ e Veteri Testamento. New Edition. 3s.
 Sewell's Vindiciæ Ecclesiasticæ. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
 Coghlan's Brighton and its Environs. 18mo. 1s.
 Horlock on Revels and Ungodliness. 12mo. 6d.
 An Address to the Protestant Electors of Great Britain and Ireland. 12mo. 3d.
 Great Western Railway Guide. 18mo. 4s.
 The Authors of France, an Outline of French Literature. By Achilles Albites. 24mo. 3s.
 Jay's View of Slavery. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
 John Smith's Letters, with Pieters to match. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
 Hook's Five Sermons before the University of Oxford. Second Edition. 16mo. 3s.
 Ingpen's Entomologist's Guide. Second Edition. 18mo. 3s.
 Mary and Florence. Fifth Edition. 12mo. 5s.
 Parry's (Rev. J.) Discourses. 12mo. 5s.
 Nicholson's Lectures on Hezekiah. Fcap. 3s. 6d.
 Words of Wisdom for my Child. Second Edition. 32mo. 2s.
 Cheap Riches, being Choice Selections from the Writings of the Most Esteemed Divines. Super-royal 32mo. 2s.
 Antrobus's Classical Table Book. 12mo. 1s.
 The First Communion. By Francis L. Parker. 12mo. 2s.
 Wolferstan's Conversations on Early Education. 12mo. 1s. 6d.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Major Hort, who has been for some time stationed at Gibraltar, has just committed to the press a new work, entitled "THE ROCK," which is intended to illustrate the Picturesque Scenery and local peculiarities of Gibraltar. From the historical recollections and political importance attaching to this remarkable spot, there can be no doubt that the work will be one of very considerable attraction, both at home and abroad. It is, we understand, to be published in a quarto volume, and to be beautifully illustrated with drawings by Major Hart's friend, Lieutenant Lacey.

The Count de la Pasture has just transmitted from his residence abroad a new novel, now in the press, entitled "REAL PEARLS IN A FALSE SETTING." All who are acquainted with the Count's comic vein, will know what to expect from such a title.

Miss Pigott, who has been for many years in the habit of committing to writing her observations on remarkable personages and circumstances, has just commenced the printing of a series of these lively papers. The work is to be entitled "RECORDS OF REAL LIFE IN THE PALACE AND THE COTTAGE," to be comprised in Three Volumes. From what we hear, we anticipate that this work will afford a near view of scenes seldom open to the public eye; we expect to have the pleasure of presenting our readers with a specimen of this talented lady's productions in our next number.

Miss Burdon has commenced the printing of a new novel, entitled "THE FRIENDS OF FONTAINEBLEAU." The graphic power of this lady's pen enriches every subject she touches.

Mrs. Jameson has just corrected a new and compressed edition of her "VISITS AND SKETCHES."

The new novel recently announced from the pen of a Lady, entitled "MAX WENTWORTH," may be expected in the course of the present month.

We have lately had the pleasure of inserting some very talented lines, signed H. P., Nova Terra; they are from the pen of Miss Prescott, daughter of the Governor of Newfoundland. As we consider her productions to be characterised by great beauty and sweetness, it affords us much gratification to state that a volume of this lady's poetry is now in the press, and intended, we believe, for publication early in October.

Mr. Reade, author of "Italy," "Cain the Wanderer," &c., has, we observe, printed his tragedy of "CATILINE;" a limited number, principally for private circulation, a few only being reserved for sale to applicants.

A complete Account of the present state of all the Australian Provinces, including New Zealand, showing their various capabilities, their advantages and disadvantages as permanent settlements for European Emigrants, is now preparing for early publication, by W. Mann, Esq., a resident in those Colonies during the last six years.

An Historical and Descriptive Account of British America; comprehending Canada, Upper and Lower, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, Prince Edward Island, the Bermudas, and the Fur Countries: their History from the Earliest Settlement; the Statistics and Topography of each District; their Commerce, Agriculture, and Fisheries; their Social and Political Condition; as also an Account of the Manners and Present State of the Aboriginal Tribes; to which is added, a full Detail of the Principles and best Modes of Emigration. By Hugh Murray, F.R.S.E. With Illustrations of the Natural History, by James Wilson, F.R.S.E. and M.W.S., R. K. Greville, LL.D., and Professor Traill. Forming Nos. XXV., XXVI., XXVII., of the Edinburgh Cabinet Library.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

There have been some serious attempts to produce riot and disorder at Birmingham, but they have been happily put down. Accounts have been received of the death of Sultan Mahmoud. The state of trade generally is not, we regret to say, at present very encouraging. In some departments there have been great demands, but in others great stillness. Fears are also entertained lest the present heavy and continued rains should damage the growing crops. There appears now to be little doubt of the adoption of a cheap and uniform postage, the Bill for the purpose being, at the date at which we write, in the Commons, and under discussion. This measure, in connexion with our railways and steam-ships, may be expected to exert a mighty influence over our internal relations and dependencies. The experiment is a bold one as connected with the revenue, but one that, it is calculated, will be amply compensated by the vast increase of correspondence. By the way, our own editorial office, which, we can assure our readers, is, in this respect, no sinecure, will, we anticipate, be not a little promoted, as the law phrase is, by this measure.—Ye poets, have mercy!

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Monday, 29th of July.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 187 to 6 and a-half.—Three per Cent. reduced, 93 three-eighths to five-eighths.—Consols, for Account, 92 one-eighth.—Three and a Half per cent. Red. 99 one-fourth.—Exchequer Bills, 2d. and 1½d. 9s. 11s. prem.—India Bonds, 18s. 16s. prem.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese Five per Cent., for Account, 34 one-half.—Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent. 53 seven-eighths.—Dutch, Five per Cent., 103 seven-eighths.—Spanish Five per Cents., 19 one-fourth.

MONEY MARKET REPORT.—City, Friday Evening, July 26th.—The only transaction worthy of notice in British securities to-day was the sale of a quantity of stock by the Chancery broker, which caused Consols to decline from 92 to 91½ for money, at which the quotation remained to the close. There were no sales of consequence of Exchequer Bills, but the market appears for the present to be fully supplied, and the premium has declined to 9. Some expectation is entertained that the Bank is about to raise the rate of discount to 6 per cent., but no notice of it has yet been given.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude $51^{\circ} 37' 32''$ N. Longitude $3^{\circ} 51''$ West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1839.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
June					
23	65-55	29.54-29.35	S.W.		Morn. clear, otherw. cloudy, with rain at times.
24	68-54	29.78-29.71	S.	.2	Generally clear.
25	73-56	29.87-29.83	S.W.		Generally clear, except the evening. [noon.
26	67-54	29.56-29.45	W.	.0625	Cloudy, dist. thunder accomp. with heavy rain abt.
27	67-59	29.78-29.74	S.W.	.375	Evening cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
28	69-51	29.68-29.62	S.W.	.1625	Cloudy, frequent showers of rain during the day.
29	60-48	29.97-29.82	N.W.	.1375	Cloudy, rain at times.
30	55-42	30.14-30.03	N.		General overcast.
July					
1	66-41	30.18-30.17	N.		Generally clear.
2	67-46	30.20-30.18	N.		Cloudy.
3	70-51	30.20-30.17	N.		Evening cloudy, otherwise clear.
4	73-49	30.12-30.10	N.E.		Generally clear.
5	73-50	30.11-30.04	S.		Morning overcast, otherwise clear.
6	79-54	29.96-29.87	S.W.		Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.
7	75-56	29.81-29.68	S.W.		Generally clear, except the evening. [times.
8	65-56	29.64-29.58	S.W.		Gen. clear, except the aftern. raining heavily at
9	60-51	29.75-29.65	S.	.1	Generally clear, rain at times.
10	64-47	29.90-29.88	S.W.	.025	Cloudy, rain at times.
11	75-55	29.92-29.86	S.W.		Generally clear.
12	72-59	29.88-29.76	S.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, rain at times.
13	74-52	30.04-29.97	W.	.025	Generally clear.
14	70-52	29.92-29.84	S.		Cloudy, rain at times.
15	72-56	30.04-29.93	W.	.05	Generally clear.
16	69-48	30.08-30.04	S.W.		Generally clear.
17	69-46	30.03-29.74	E.		Morning clear, otherwise overcast.
18	71-60	29.62-29.52	S.W.	.2125	Generally clear, except the morning.
19	68-56	29.61-29.60	S.W.		Gen. cloudy, rain at times, wind very boisterous.
20	69-55	29.74-29.65	S.W.		Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.
21	67-51	29.90-29.80	S.W.		Noon cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
22	69-54	30.02-29.97	S.W.		Gen. clear, a little rain fell during the morning.

A very violent storm of thunder and vivid lightning, in all parts of the compass, accompanied with heavy rain, from about half-past eight till about midnight of the 7th. instant.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM JUNE 26, TO JULY 20, 1839, INCLUSIVE.

June 25. — H. Nelson, Watling-street, ware-houseman. — S. Salomonson, Threadneedle-street, merchant. — W. Cole, Crane-court, Fleet-street, printer and publisher. — S. J. Boileau, Greville-street, Brunswick-square, dairyman. — G. C. Dawe, Regent street, Pall-mall, print-seller and publisher. — J. R. Gorst, Liverpool, coach and harness manufacturer. — P. C. Nicolle, Southampton, wine merchant. — T. Wilson, Manchester, batters' trimmings manufacturer. — W. Jones, Newport, Monmouth-shire, shopkeeper. — N. Colston, Brixham, De-

vonshire, draper. — R. Blyth, Lynn Regis, Norfolk, common brewer.

June 28. — J. Vaughan, Pratt-street, Lambeth, oilman. — B. R. Pemberton, Basinghall-street, wool broker. — T. Whitby, Red Lion Wharf, Upper Thames-street, coal-merchant. — N. Currie, otherwise N. J. Currie, Regent-street, army accoutrement maker. — J. Smith, Newbury, Berkshire, baker. — T. Shipway, Stroud, Gloucestershire, clothier.

July 2. — H. Paynter, Garlick-hill, City builder. — J. Samuels, Lawrence-lane, Cheap-

side, commission agent.—R. B. Roxby, Mercer's-place, Commercial-road, Limehouse, shipowner.—C. R. Lewis, Richmond, pawnbroker.—W. Wisedell and W. Cockett, New Cut, Lambeth, ironmongers.—J. Loveridge, Bridport, cabinet-maker.—G. Harvey, Hand-acre, Staffordshire, spirit merchant.—W. Beer and H. Venn, Bristol, colour-makers.—P. M'Ardle, Liverpool, victualler.—T. Maguire, Liverpool, publican.—H. Lewis, Castle Cary, Somersetshire, plumber.—C. Graham, Liverpool, marine store dealer.—J. Taylor, Liverpool, trader.—B. Baker, Liverpool, marble mason.—J. Brown, Oldham, grocer.—J. Trenor, Bradford, merchant.—W. Lowcock, Liverpool, butcher.

July 5.—R. Adams, Greek-street, Soho, engineer.—P. Mansell, Myddleton-street, Clerkenwell, engraver.—T. Yarrol and W. Yarrol, Commercial-place, City-road, tailors.—T. W. Hall, Pen-court, Fenchurch street, drysalter.—G. W. Dalmaine, Abchurch-lane, Cannon-street, licensed victualler.—R. Jackson, Great Bolton, Lancashire, organ builder.—J. Ramsbottom, Cheetham-hill, Manchester, stage coach proprietor.—S. Sharrocks and H. Sharrocks, Chorlton-upon-Medlock, Lancashire, cotton spinners.—J. Bentley and T. Brown, Manchester, merchants.—B. Hobson, Liverpool, hosier.—J. Fraser, Liverpool, commission agent.—A. McCoy, Liverpool, marine store dealer.—J. Beckett, Liverpool, iron-founder.—T. Stephens, Liverpool, marine store dealer.—B. W. Franklin, Liverpool, merchant.—S. Bird, Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, plasterer.—G. Sutton, Hartington, Derbyshire, draper.

July 9.—G. Potts, New Montague-street, Spitalfields, cabinet maker.—J. Green, City-road, nail-factor.—J. Galloway, Theobald's-road, Red Lion Square, ironmonger.—J. and C. Mould, Newgate-street, cheesemongers.—M. Hogg, Hall Arm, Aldborough, Yorkshire, wharfinger.—P. Solomon and I. Jacobs, Manchester, Manchester warehousemen.—J. and B. Trenor, Bradford, bacon-factors.—J. G. Robinson, Liverpool, broker.—J. Renwick, Liver-

pool, wine merchant.—G. Sutton, Hartington, Derbyshire, draper.—J. Ramsbottom, Manchester, hackney coach proprietor.—R. Smithies, Runcorn, Cheshire, tailor.—J. Lawless, Manchester, commission agent.—G. Moody, Manchester, stuff manufacturer.

July 12.—T. Robinson, Hungerford-street, Strand, tallow-chandler.—J. Root and J. W. Christie, Burdett-street, Walworth Common, brewers.—W. Ward, Leeds, cloth merchant.—W. H. Deeble, Bristol, accountant.—J. Peetman, Christchurch, Southampton, brewer.—J. Glover, Stafford, painter.—A. Atkinson, Barnard Castle, Durham, farmer.

July 16.—J. Kennedy and S. Hill, Union Iron Foundry, Monmouthshire, iron manufacturers.—L. Cooper and M. Case, Manchester, cotton manufacturers.—T. Barker and R. Amsworth, Warrington, Lancashire, cotton-spinners.—W. Mangnall, Manchester, manufacturing chemist.—J. Thompson, Manchester, Manchester warehouseman.—S. Kent, Salford, victualler.—H. Mason, Calver, Derbyshire, cotton-spinner.—D. Worthington, Manchester, flour-dealer.—W. W. Stubbing, Manchester, grocer.—J. T. Buckley, Liverpool, provision-dealer.—W. Hobley, Warwick, grocer.—J. Fairband, Manningham, Yorkshire, worsted spinner.—C. Jackson, Macclesfield, silk throwster.—G. Cowper, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, tea-dealer.—J. Poulton, Lane End, Staffordshire, grocer.—J. Thomas, Bridport, baker.—T. Vinson, Bideford, tailor.

July 19.—J. Hancock, Welbeck-street, Cavendish Square, bath proprietor.—J. D. Moss, Liverpool, watchmaker.—I. Akers, Liverpool, tailor.—J. Trotter, Liverpool, auctioneer.—M. Roseuthall, Manchester, fustian manufacturer.—T. Walker, Hook, Snaith, Yorkshire, miller.—J. Phipps, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire, cabinet maker.—C. Long, Bradford, Wiltshire, wharfinger.—J. Price, Birmingham, jeweller.—C. Pitt, sen., and C. Pitt, jun., Canterbury, druggists.—J. Eastwood and I. Woodhead, Meltham, Yorkshire, manufacturers.

NEW PATENTS.

A. Gordon, of Fludyer Street, Westminster, Engineer, for an improved machine or apparatus for employing steam, or other elastic fluid, as a motive power. May 30th, 6 months.

W. Armstrong, of Hawnes, near Ampthill, Bedfordshire, Farmer, for improvements in harrows. May 30th, 6 months.

W. Palmer, of Sutton Street, Clerkenwell, Manufacturer, for improvements in lamps and in the manufacture of candles. June 1st, 6 months.

S. Geary, of Hamilton Place, King's Cross, Architect, for certain improvements in paving or covering streets, roads, and other ways. June 1st, 6 months.

J. J. Besnier de Bligny, of the Commercial Hotel, Leicester Street, Leicester Square, for improvements in umbrellas and parasols. June 3rd, 6 months.

J. B. Furnival, of Street Ashton, Warwick, Farmer, for improvements in apparatus or material to prevent persons sinking when in the water. June 4th, 6 months.

M. Poole, of Lincoln's Inn, Gentleman, for improvements in the manufacture of soap by the application of materials not hitherto used for that purpose. June 4th, 6 months.

W. Bates, of Leicester, Manufacturer, for improvements in the progress of finishing hosiery and other looped fabrics. June 4th, 6 months.

C. Wickels, of Guildford Street, Gentleman, and J. D. Greenwood, of the Belvidere Road, Manufacturer, both in Lambeth, for improvements in producing plain and ornamental articles and surfaces from cements or earths, separately, or combined with other materials. June 4th, 6 months.

J. P. Westhead, of Manchester, for an improvement or improvements in the manufacture or construction of stays or corsets. June 4th, 6 months.

W. Prior, of Rhyod Street, in the Borough of Lambeth, Gentleman, for certain improvements in the carriages and axle-trees of wheel carriages. June 6th, 6 months.

A. Parsey, of the Quadrant, Regent Street, Artist, for improvements in obtaining motive power. June 6th, 6 months.

H. G. Dyar, of Regent Street, Gentleman, and J. Chisholm, of Pomeroy Street, Old Kent Road, Manufacturing Chemist, for improvements in obtaining sulphur from pyrites, or certain native sulphurets. June 6th, 6 months.

B. Henry de Bode, of Great Portland Street, Cavendish Square, for improvements in the means of rendering magnetic needles less prejudicially influenced by local attraction, which improvements are applicable to other magnetic objects for the same purpose. June 8th, 6 months.

F. Bouillon, of Princes Street, Hanover Square, for improvements in the manufacture of ornamental woven fabrics. June 8th, 6 months.

G. Gurney, of Bude, Cornwall, Esquire, and F. Rixon, of Cockspur Street, Pall Mall, for improvements in the apparatus for producing and distributing light. June 8th, 6 months.

C. A. Caldwell, of Audley Square, Esquire, for improvements in furnaces and apparatus for applying the heat of fuel. June 8th, 6 months.

M. Poole, of Lincoln's Inn, Gentleman, for improvements in printing calicoes and other fabrics. June 11th, 6 months.

C. Chubb, of St. Paul's Church Yard, London, and J. Chubb, of Red Lion Street, Clerkenwell, Mechanist, for improvements in apparatus and machinery for preserving books, and other papers, documents, and articles, from fire. June 11th, 6 months.

W. Hawes, of Old Barge House, Christ Church, Soap Manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of soap, part of which improvements is applicable to preparing tallow for the manufacture of candles. June 12th, 6 months.

W. Graunsell, of South Lincoln, Machine Maker, for improvements in apparatus for drilling corn, grain, pulse, and manure. June 12th, 6 months.

N. Harvey, of Hayle, Cornwall, and W. West, of St. Blazey, in the same county, Mechanist, for an improved valve for machines for raising water and other liquids. June 12th, 2 months.

W. Watson, of Temple Street, Dublin, Gentleman, for an improvement in the construction of ships, and which improvement is also applicable to all kinds of sea-going vessels, and also certain improvements in the construction of boats and other vessels intended to be used on canals and inland navigation. June 12th, 6 months.

W. Newton, of Chancery Lane, Civil Engineer, for an improved medicinal compound or ferruginous preparation, to give tone and vigour to the human system, particularly applicable in cases of weak digestion, and in the disease called "chlorosis." June 12th, 6 months.

J. Sanders, of Burton-on-Trent, Staffordshire, Gentleman, for an improved lock and key. June 12th, 2 months.

Edward Loos, of Air Street, Piccadilly, Chemist, for improvements in extracting the saccharine matters from sugar-canes, and other substances of a saccharine nature, which improvements are also applicable in extracting colouring matters from wood and other matters used in dyeing. June 17th, 6 months.

A. F. Campbell, of Great Plumstead, Norfolk, Esquire, and C. White, Norwich, Mechanic, for improvements in ploughs, harrows, scarifiers, cultivators, and horse-hoes. June 17th, 6 months.

B. Beard, of Egremont Place, New Road, Gentleman, for improvements in printing calicoes and other fabrics. June 17th, 6 months.

B. T'Anson Bromwich, of Clifton-on-Tone, Worcester, Gentleman, for improvements in machinery, to be worked by the application of the expansive force of air or other elastic fluids to obtain motive power. June 17th, 6 months.

H. Zander, of North Street, Sloane Street, Gentleman, for improvements in steam-engines, steam-boilers, and condensers. June 17th, 6 months.

H. Le Messurier, of St. Peter Port, Guernsey, Master Plumber, for improvements in pumps. June 17, 6 months.

J. L. Benham, of Wigmore Street, Ironmonger, for an instrument or apparatus for correctly ascertaining the number of passengers conveyed in omnibuses and other public carriages. June 18th, 6 months.

J. Wright, of Park Place, Glasgow, for certain improvements in mixing or, alloying iron with other metals, for the purpose of increasing its strength, tenacity or cohesion, which alloys among many other uses are particularly applicable to the construction or manufacture of links for chains and rings, and certain machinery, for effecting such manufacture. June 18th, 6 months.

A. B. Johns, of Plymouth, Artist, for improvements in colouring or painting walls and other surfaces, and preparing materials used for that purpose. June 19th, 6 months.

P. Lomax, of Bolton-le-Moors, Weaver, for certain improvements in looms, for weaving. June 19th, 6 months.

J. Wertheimer, of West Street, Finsbury Circus, for certain improvements in preserving animal and vegetable substances and liquids. June 20th, 6 months.

C. W. Williams, of Liverpool, Gentleman, for certain improvements in boilers and furnaces designed to economize fuel and heat. June 22nd, 6 months.

H. Wilkinson, of Pall Mall, Gun Maker, for an improvement in fire-arms. June 22nd, 6 months.

J. Pons, of Union Crescent, New Kent Road, Gentleman, for an improved process of hardening wood and iron, and rendering wood repulsive of vermin, and proof against dry rot. June 22nd, 6 months.

M. Punshon, of Norfolk Street, Blackwall, Engineer, for an improved steam-engine, certain parts of which improved steam-engine are applicable to steam-engines on the ordinary construction. June 22nd, 6 months.

G. Calder, of Fen Court, Fenchurch Street, for certain improvements in stoves or apparatus for roasting, baking, or cooking, which he intends to denominate a Plantanum Roaster. June 22nd, 6 months.

F. Parker, of New Gravel Lane, Shadwell, for improvements in revivifying or re-burning animal charcoal. June 22nd, 4 months.

W. G. Turner, of Park Village, Regent's Park, and Herbert Minton, of Langfield Cottage, Stoke-upon-Trent, Stafford, for an improved porcelain. June 22nd, 6 months.

L. Hebert, of Birmingham, Civil Engineer, for an apparatus for producing and communicating artificial light. June 22nd, 6 months.

J. A. Philip de Val Marnio, of Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, for certain improvements in the manufacture of gas, and in the apparatus employed for consuming gas for the purpose of producing light. June 22nd, 6 months.

E. Brown, of Whiterock, Glamorgan, Copper Smelter, for a new principle to be applied in the roasting and refining of copper, whereby the oxidation of the metal is reduced, and the same is rendered more pure and ductile. June 22nd, 6 months.

J. Jennings, of Bessow Bridge, Cornwall, Assay Master, for a process for obtaining metal from pyrites or mundic. June 22nd, 6 months.

W. Vickers, of Firs Hill, Sheffield Street, Manufacturer, for an improvement in the manufacture of cast-steel. June 25th, 6 months.

J. Arrowsmith, of Bilston, Stafford, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in steam-engines. June 25th, 6 months.

J. Bingham, of Sheffield, Manufacturer, and J. A. Boden, of the same place, Manufacturer, for certain improved compositions which are made to resemble ivory, bone, horn, mother-of-pearl, and other substances applicable to the manufacture of handles of knives, forks, and razors, piano-forte keys, snuff-boxes, and various other articles. June 26th, 6 months.

C. Schroth, of Leicester Square, Gentleman, for certain improvements in the process, manner, or method of embossing or producing raised figures, designs, or patterns, on leather, or such like materials, and in the manner, or method of embossing or producing raised figures, designs, or patterns, or such like materials, and in the manner or means used for effecting the same; also in the making or forming of certain tools or apparatus used therein. June 26th, 6 months.

P. A. Ducôte, of Saint Martin's Lane, for certain improvements in the art of printing on paper, calicoes, silks, and other fabrics. June 26th, 6 months.

W. Newton, of Chancery Lane, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in the construction of sun-dials designed to show mean time. June 27th, 6 months.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

HOUSE OF LORDS.—June 10.—The Beer Act Amendment Bill went through committee, and was reported with amendments.—The Church Discipline Bill was referred to a select committee.

June 11.—The report on the Beer Bill was brought up, and further proceedings fixed for Monday next.—Lord Brougham's Education Bill was read a first time, and the second reading postponed from Thursday to Friday next.

June 13.—The second reading of the Clerks of the Peace Bill was negatived.

June 14.—The Royal Assent was given by commission to the Copyright Designs Bill, the Staffordshire Potteries Police Bill, the Rye Harbour Bill, the South Eastern Railway Bill, and several railway and private bills.

June 17.—The Beer Bill was read a third time. The House divided, when there was a majority of 17 in its favour; but, after some further observations, it was agreed that the bill should be recommitted that day week.

June 18.—The Imprisonment for Debt Bill was read a first time.—The Bishop of Exeter laid on the table and moved the first reading of a bill entitled "An Act for apportioning the spiritual duties of Clergymen having the cure of souls in two or more parishes." The bill was then read a first time.—The Rules of Proceedings (Borough Courts) Bill went through committee.—Lord Brougham postponed the Education Bill (second reading) till Monday, and the committee on the Beer Bill till Tuesday.—The Lord Chancellor laid on the table two bills—one for the better regulation of proceedings in the Court of Common Pleas, the other relating, as was understood, to proceedings in Chancery, which were severally read a first time, and ordered to be read a second time on Friday.

June 19.—The Rules of Proceedings (Borough Courts' Bill) was read a third time and passed.—The Windsor Castle Stables Bill was read a second time.

June 21.—It was ordered that Mr. Burge be heard at the bar against the Jamaica Bill.—Lord Brougham postponed his Education Bill from Monday till Monday se'nnight, and the Beer Bill till Tuesday week.—The Bills of Exchange Usury Bill was read a second time.—The Windsor Stables Bill went through committee.—The Bankruptcy Court Bill and the Common Pleas Bill were severally read a second time, and committed for Monday.

June 24.—The Bills of Exchange Bill was committed.—The Protection against Bankruptcy Bill and the Common Pleas Regulation Bill went through committee without amendment.

June 25.—Nothing of importance.

June 27.—The High Sheriffs' Expenses Bill was withdrawn.—The Protection against Bankruptcy Bill was read a third time.

June 28.—The Bills of Exchange Bill was a third time and passed. Lord Brougham's Education Bill was postponed till Thursday, and his Lordship's Beer Bill till Friday. Mr. Burge and Mr. Serjeant Merewether were then heard against the Jamaica Bill till a quarter-past ten o'clock, when their lordships adjourned.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—June 10.—The House went into committee on the measure submitted by Ministers for the Jamaica Bill. Sir E. Sugden began the debate by proposing to omit the first clause. Mr. Labouchere answered him, and was followed by Mr. Gladstone, Sir George Grey, and Mr. Shiel, after which the House divided—for the clause, 228; against it, 194; majority, 34.—The Metropolis Police Bill afterwards went through committee.

June 11.—Mr. Mackinnon obtained leave to bring in a bill to alter and amend the laws regarding turnpike trusts, and to allow of unions of the same.

June 12.—The Rating of Tenements Bill was committed.—The House then went into committee on the Custody of Infants' Bill, and all the clauses were agreed to.—The Report of the Copyholds Enfranchisement Bill was agreed to.—The Sewers' Bill was ordered to be referred to a select committee.—The Electors' Removal Bill was considered in committee.

June 13.—The Metropolis Police Bill was considered in committee.—The House went into committee on the Imprisonment for Debt Act Amendment Bill.—The Windsor Castle Stables Bill went through committee.

June 14.—On the motion for going into Committee of Supply, where Lord John Russell was to have moved his Educational resolutions, Lord Stanley moved, by way of amendment, that an address be presented to her Majesty, praying that her Majesty would be graciously pleased to revoke the Order in Council of the 10th of April, 1839, appointing a Committee of Council to superintend the application of

any sums voted by parliament for the purpose of promoting public education. An animated discussion followed, in which Lord Morpeth, Lord Ashley, Mr. Hawes, Lord Egerton, and Mr. Slaney, delivered their sentiments, after which the debate was adjourned till Wednesday next.

June 17.—Ivanoff's Naturalization Bill was read a second time.—The House was then occupied with the case of "*Stockdale v. Hansard*."—The Imprisonment for Debt Act Amendment Bill, the Copyhold Enfranchisement Bill, and the Windsor Castle Stables Bill, were read a third time and passed.

June 18. The London and Blackwall Railway Bill was passed, after some opposition, by a majority of 176 to 73.—Mr. Grote brought forward his motion for leave to bring in a bill to make provision for taking votes by way of ballot at the election of Members of Parliament, and was seconded by Lord Worsley.—After a lengthened debate the House divided, and the motion was negatived by a majority of 333 to 216.—The Sugar Duties Bill was read a second time.

June 19.—Mr. Labouchere moved that the Jamaica Bill be read a third time. After a discussion of considerable length the House divided, and the bill was carried by a majority of 10.—The debate on National Education was then renewed. Mr. Wyse began, followed by Mr. Colquhoun; Mr. C. Buller, Mr. Acland, and Dr. Lushington delivered their sentiments, after which the debate was adjourned.

June 20.—The London and Blackwall Railway Bill was read a third time and passed.—The adjourned debate on National Education was resumed with unwonted vigour after the thorough discussion which the subject had already received.—Mr. Ewart, Mr. Gibson, and Sir H. Verney spoke on the Ministerial behalf; and Mr. Plumptre, Sir George Staunton, and Mr. Gally Knight, severally spoke on the Conservative side.—Sir Robert Inglis then spoke, followed by Mr. O'Connell, who was replied to by Mr. Gladstone.—Sir James Graham spoke on the Conservative side, and Lord John Russell was the last speaker on the Ministerial side.—Sir Robert Peel concluded the debate. The House then divided: for the government plan, 280; for Lord Stanley's amendment, 275.

June 21.—The Redcar Harbour Bill was lost, on a division, by 118 to 32.—The City of London Police Bill was postponed till Wednesday.—The Prisons Bill was read a third time.—The Metropolis Police Bill having gone through committee, the House resumed, and immediately went into committee of supply. The discussion on civil contingencies occupied the attention of the committee, and the several votes were agreed to.

June 24.—The Harrow School Estate Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Ship Propeller Company's Bill was read a second time.—The House having gone into committee of supply, Lord John Russell moved that 30,000*l.* be granted to her Majesty for public education during the current year. For the motion, 275; against it, 273; majority, 2.—The Metropolitan Police Bill, (Advances out of the Consolidated Fund,) the Exchequer of Pleas Bill, the Sugar Duties Bill, the Borough Watch Rates Bill, the Custody of Infants Bill, and the Borough Courts Bill (No. 2,) were severally advanced a stage.

June 25.—Nothing of importance.

June 26.—No House.

June 27.—The Belfast Waterworks Bill was read a second time.—The House went into Committee on the Beer Bill. Mr. Pakington moved that no license should be granted to any person who was not rated at 10*l.* for the relief of the poor.—For the motion, 76; against it, 103—majority 27.—The Sugar Duties Bill was reported, and ordered to be read a third time on Friday.—The Electors Removal Bill was read a third time and passed. The Register of Births Bill was re-committed, reported with amendments, and ordered to be read a third time on Saturday.—The Exchequer of Pleas Bill went through committee, and was ordered to be read a third time on Friday.—The Fictitious Votes (Scotland) Bill, and the Registration of Electors (Scotland) Bill, were withdrawn till next session.

June 28.—The Hull Dock Bill was withdrawn.—The Bankrupts (Scotland) Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Election Petitions Bill was reconsidered in committee; the House went into committee, and the clauses, up to 19 inclusive, were disposed of.—The River Shannon Navigation Bill was read a second time.—The House went into committee on public works in Ireland, and a vote of 50,000*l.* was agreed to.—The Sugar Duties Bill was read a third time.—The Custody of Infants Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Admiralty Courts Bill was read a second time.—The Irish Railways Bill was postponed to next session.—The Borough Watch Rates Bill was read a third time and passed.

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